The Canterbury Poets

CRABBE

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The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE CRABBE (SELECTED), WITH PREFATORY NOTICE, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

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GEORGE CRABBE.

THE Christmas-eve of 1754 is all but forgotten in the swift flow of time; yet we stand subtly linked to that dim old winter's day by the power of one poet's life; for on that Christmas-eve George Crabbe, the future poet, was born, and therefore we mark it in the register of our memory as a very special Christmas-eve, and one that brought to us a messenger of tidings of worth—a man who saw the poverty of life, its toil and sorrow, and drew strong, vivid pictures of society, and bequeathed them, a true art-legacy, to succeeding generations. His was true art, the art of his own time and age, and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that he who would know what the life of the century was, must perfect his knowledge over the pages of the poet.

Born of poor, but respectable parents, Crabbe's circumstances were apparently little calculated to develop very high imaginative powers; and certainly he has no claim to imaginative excellence. It is the praise of Crabbe that he saw the life of his age, understood it, entered into it, sympathised with it, and with rare power, with the strong, firm hand of a true artist, he reproduced it with an almost minute faithfulness, making no attempt to impose himself upon his work, but leaving the measure of his achievement to prove and maintain his fame.

The father of Crabbe officiated for some time as the parish clerk of a small Norfolk village, and afterwards became salt-master at Aldborough. He claims no particular attention, save that he certainly perceived indications of unusual ability in his son, and resolved to afford him the best educational advantages in his power, thus imposing some self-denial upon himself and the other members of his family. Mrs. Crabbe laboured to develop the affections of her son, and to imbue his mind with the higher moral principles from which the genius of the poet derives its purest inspiration, and establishes its most enduring fame.

When his school-days were over, Crabbe settled

down to three quiet and uneventful years of study at Wickham Brook, near Bury St. Edmunds, where he was apprenticed to a surgeon for the term of three years. Probably his studies were not very severe, since his master combined the professions of medicine and agriculture, no doubt on purely scientific principles; and, when not busied in the surgery, the future poet and divine was assisting in the cultivation of the farm, sharing his bed with the ploughboy on the conclusion of his daily toil.

The medical education of Crabbe was finished under Mr. Page of Woodbridge, after which he made a vain attempt to establish himself in business at Aldborough, when the necessity of making a fresh departure was forced upon him, and, like many other ambitious and adventurous youths, he turned his thoughts towards London.

The Capital was, however, some distance off, and the poet was without means. In this strait he addressed himself to Mr. Dudley North, whose interest was so far excited that he presented the poet with a five-pound note. Thus furnished with funds, Crabbe soon reached London, and took steps to secure the patronage of several noble

gentlemen, and also to bring his poetry before the public. Apparently failure was imminent, when fortunately he succeeded in gaining an earnest and able friend in Edmund Burke, whose patronage secured him many other valuable friendships, and, amongst others, that of Chancellor Thurlow, who generously bestowed upon the poet a Bank bill for £100.

The young author was especially anxious to obtain a settled position, and to this end bestowed his attention upon the Church, into which he was duly admitted, his ordination into the priesthood taking place in the August of 1781. The first result was anything but satisfactory, Crabbe returning to his native Aldborough to assist the rector in the humble but honourable capacity of curate. He soon, however, advanced to the position of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle, and Thurlow afterwards bestowed upon him two small livings in Dorsetshire. His resignation of the chaplaincy and retirement to Stathern followed. Thence, in 1789, he removed to the rectory of Muston, in Leicestershire, but passed some years at Parham and Glenham Hall, only returning to Muston in 1804, when it became

imperative that he should take up his residence amongst his flock. In 1814 he removed to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, to which he was presented by the Duke of Rutland.

This brief sketch of the advancement of George Crabbe in the Church would be incomplete without some reference to his relationship with his flock.

As a minister he was unpopular with his people, possibly on account of his reserved disposition, for he was naturally an amiable man with strong affections. Perhaps he was somewhat too studious for his profession, since he pursued the studies of botany, entomology, and other branches of natural history, employments which, when combined with literary pursuits and the duties of his church, would leave few opportunities for mingling in the social enjoyments of his parishioners. At that time his tastes would be far in advance of those of his friends, and, from lack of sympathy, his mind would be thrown back upon its own resources. Indeed, there was much in his life to make him the grave, preoccupied man about whom a lively lady once remarked "that he was trop *trop doucereux;* the cake is no doubt good, but there is too much sugar to cut through

in getting at it." It is stated that before he left Muston the people set the church bells ringing to welcome his successor. Yet Crabbe was unaffectedly charitable, and his medical knowledge was freely placed at the disposal of the poorer members of his flock. However, it is needless to speculate upon the cause of Crabbe's unpopularity when we know that a man possessing a flexible conscience, a considerable amount of tact, and a prepossessing address, will readily attain to the popular favour, whereas the man of culture, genius, and virtue will be neglected and misunderstood.

The life of Crabbe has many points of interest, and of these his courtship especially merits attention. While at Woodbridge he won the affections of Miss Sarah Elmy, and during the long and trying years which intervened before he was placed in circumstances which enabled him to consummate his courtship in matrimony, he never relinquished the hope of one day claiming his bride. Reduced to his last sixpence, with his clothes and watch sold or in pawn, and, still worse, owing money for his lodgings, he nevertheless protested that he had not lost courage.

It was no faint heart that won beloved "Mira"

Elmy, to whom he was married in December 1783.

The union was singularly happy, and the merry voices of little children added music to the poet's home, and inspiration to his muse. That Crabbe had rather amusing peculiarities cannot be denied. His curious fashion of taking the air in his old-fashioned carriage has often been described. He would be accompanied by his wife and one of his children, the lady acting as charioteer, while, book in hand, he improved the occasion by reading aloud.

In 1813 a great sorrow prostrated the poet. Death parted the husband and wife, after their happy union of thirty years. A serious sickness laid hold of Crabbe at the same time, and physical suffering perhaps mercifully diverted his mind from the irreparable loss which he had sustained.

He now re-visited London, the city in which, so many years before, he had enjoyed the society of Burke, Reynolds, Fox, Johnson, Thurlow, and others. A new race had sprung up, but the poet found many and congenial friends—men whose names are inscribed in the pages of history. He was welcomed by poets and statesmen. Rogers, Campbell, Moore, Sir Walter Scott, the Lords

Lansdowne and Holland, Ossary, Erskine, Kemble, and other distinguished men, hailed the man whose struggles had been so severe—who had shared the bed and labours of a ploughman ; who had failed in medicine ; and who had received so cold a welcome in his native town when curate to the Rev. Mr. Bennett. The sympathy of such kindred spirits would weigh against the coldness of a world of feebler folk.

In 1822 he paid a visit to the Scottish capital, and was honourably received. It is not necessary to enter into the details of his later years ; suffice it that he kept his sympathies active to the last, and faithfully performed his clerical duties. Beloved by all who had enjoyed his friendship, he departed this life on the 3rd of February 1832, at the ripe age of seventy-eight years.

As a schoolboy of some twelve years, Crabbe produced his first verses, written, characteristically enough, in rebuke of the pride of a young schoolfellow, whose affections were too evidently set upon the blue ribbons which adorned her bonnet. Having made the start, he cultivated the poetic art with assiduity ; but for several years gave little or no proof of the power that was being developed in

his mind, his productions being void of even the pretence of originality, and fame appeared very far removed from the weak imitator of other poets. The winning of a prize poem on "Hope" tended to his encouragement, however; but the publication of his poem on "Inebriety" exposed his weakness, it being too evident that he had largely borrowed from Pope.

Failure may have induced some distrust of his powers; at all events, Crabbe diverted his attention from the muses, and the Sciences of Botany and Natural History occupied his attention for some time, and remained his favourite studies in his later and more successful years, when his art had found, and triumphed in, its native field.

During his visit to London, he addressed himself most assiduously to his literary labours, and must have suffered keenly from the disappointments which followed. Nevertheless, he met with many kind friends, and his force of character must have been great to have won him the patronage which enabled him to find a haven of peace and prosperity in the bosom of the Church. Greatly as he was indebted to the patronage of Edmund Burke, his own sturdy strength of spirit and almost

indomitable hope must be recognised, and is perhaps, best expressed in his own words, quoted from a letter addressed to his beloved Mira: "Are you not disheartened? Dearest Mira, not I! The wanting a letter from you, and the knowing myself to be possessed of but sixpence-farthing in the world, are much more consequential things." A little later, and he has to inform the gentle Mira of the total loss of funds and wardrobe; of the pawning of his watch, his indebtedness to his landlord, and of his doubts as to the obtaining of food for another week. Poor Crabbe! his path was rough and stern at first, but it smoothed down long before the end came.

When his "Library" was published, some small meed of recognition rewarded his long travail. It was about this time that Thurlow played the part of his good genius by bestowing upon him the Bank bill for £100.

His admission into the Church placed him above the necessity of writing for a living, and henceforth his muse was to gather strength, and command its well-merited recognition.

Crabbe was a voluminous writer, but his efforts appear to have been very unequal, for his friends

induced him to abstain from the publication of some of his productions, and he frequently burnt large quantities of manuscript—productions which were unsatisfactory to his own critical knowledge. Three novels were thus consumed, the fire being kindled in the open air, and fed by the poet's own hands; his children dancing in artless glee as the flames greedily devoured the sheets; but the melancholy smile of the mother and wife indicated the veiled pathos of the scene—she knew the toil, the restless ardour of the man, for who wraps more of his life in his toil than the author, and who accepts failure without the keen gnawing of disappointment?

His triumphs were, however, numerous, and covered his failures. In 1807 appeared his "Parish Register," which brought him many letters of congratulation. "The Borough" was published in 1810, and the popular "Tales in Verse" in 1812; and when he descended, full of years, to an honourable grave, it was after having enjoyed the most ample recognition of his talent.

No very difficult task is imposed upon the critic when he is called upon to estimate the poet's object, and the measure of his success. Crabbe

was essentially of the people; a student of human nature, yet not by speculation and theory, but by observation. He informs us that his aim is the representation of character—and his success is, beyond denial, eminent. Certainly he has not embraced every phase of life; he has not affected the heroic; he has not brought upon a mimic stage princes and peers and ministers and pimps—lying like a courtier while he did violence to true art. On the contrary, he dealt with the people, the poor and needy, the prosperous middle-class. Herein he was true to himself, true to his art; and in the noble company of poets he fills a position as pronounced, maintains as masterly an individuality, as do Hogarth and Wilkie in the graphic arts.

His studies, like those of Hogarth, indicate a minute observance of the times in which he lived, and of the men amongst whom he moved. Unlike Hogarth in character, his sympathies were too profound to find in the sin and sorrow of life material for comedy and masquerade. Hogarth was the artist and satirist, Crabbe the artist and humanitarian. In comparing the poet with Wilkie, whose sympathy with human life was

healthy in its tone and broad in its treatment, we are forcibly reminded of the lack of that elasticity and hopefulness which should lighten the shadows of all life and of all art.

Our poet passes before our vision poor serving-girls, fair peasants, farmers' daughters, ladies'-maids, hostesses, and wealthy dames; the daughter of the substantial citizen and of the wealthy lord. Commingled with these are sailors and peasants, pedagogues and priests, squires and knights, burghers and merchants. Ordinary people enough, suffering and enjoying life under its common vicissitudes and fortunes, yet full of interest, because they are intensely human and real. He does not weary us with laboured and verbose attempts to move our sympathy for the poor, or our interest in the deserving rich, but he tells his story with simplicity and truthfulness, his art never going beyond the reproduction of nature; so that we neither doubt the facts that are brought before us, nor question the agency by which they are produced. By Crabbe the known lines of human character are emphasised—perhaps, however, we cannot honestly acknowledge the presence of any deeper insight. Certainly we can lay our

hands on Crabbe's works, and acknowledge therein a faithful delineation of the men and manners of his age within the limits with which he has surrounded his labours.

This may be high praise, but it does not cover all that ought to be said of a great poet. It may convey a large degree of originality and genius—but the poet's mission is to do more than hand his age down to posterity. Crabbe has moved our sympathy; he has scarcely stirred our indignation, and he has raised no hope in our breast. We turn from his gallery of portraits and incidents with an added interest in his time, with a deep respect for the author, but we scarcely realise any deeper gain. We are not ennobled, not uplifted! No aspirations, no high hopes are aroused. Surely the elevation of the spiritual and mental man should be the aim of the great poets! Such was not Crabbe's aim—therefore he did not fail.

Why it was not his aim is the consequence of character and circumstances, and if Crabbe took the darkest aspects of life, it was because they impressed his spirit most acutely; and just as his deepest sympathies were enlisted on behalf

of the poor and unfortunate, so in treating of them sorrow and misfortune necessarily entered largely into his experience.

Those who compassionate the sorrows of the poor are naturally led to contrast the lot of the latter with that of the rich, and finding that riches are not infrequently a fruitful source of vice, they take a dark view of the selfishness and folly, sometimes the open profligacy, of the wealthy. Hence it is that Crabbe dwells on the pride, folly, and sin which so openly abounded in his day. This gloomfulness of poetic vision was further darkened by a lively sense of the retribution which follows sin; for it must be remembered that whilst, as a minister of the gospel, his bias would be towards the toiling and suffering masses, his moral teaching would quicken his discernment of evil and the apprehension of the results, and the sorrows and suffering thus anticipated would be emphasised in his mind.

If religion accentuates the revelation of sin, it sheds a hallowed light about all that is pure and true; therefore it does seem a little strange that the reverend author did not gild his pages with more of the sunshine and hope of life. As

a lover of nature, a hunter of plants and insects, it might reasonably have been expected that his mind would have acquired greater elasticity, and that the pleasure of his pursuits would have lightened his pen.

Crabbe moves before us weighted by the follies and sorrows of his age, and unable, apparently, to realise a happier future for the human race. We may assume that the depravity and weakness of human nature circumscribed his faith, and that his theology added intensity to the dark cloud that rested over the sons of men, and darkened to its blackest where the waters of the Stygian river washed the margins of the earth.

His hope in humanity was small, yet, if we may judge from his poems, he entertained no thought of ameliorating the condition of mankind by social and wide-extending reforms, shrinking from innovation and change, as though all change was fraught with peril, and must be for the worse. Probably the spirit of the age would tend to develop his mistrust of change, and, maugre his distrust of human nature, he would look to moral rather than constitutional changes.

He has left us no standard of perfection—no psalm of life rings in our ear!

But he has excited our sympathy for the sorrowful and oppressed, and left a solemn warning against the wastefulness of life. He has aimed at a realistic depicture of life as he saw it, making no attempt to see it as others saw it; with no straining of his vision, no false effect of light and shade; and we are bound to accord him a place of high honour for genius and individuality, and for a temperate if not a hopeful spirit.

We said that his art was good art, and this is borne out by the abundant facilities which his poems offer to the artist; but, alas! poems are seldom illustrated with any great expenditure of genius, and many minor editions would be improved by the deprivation of the few conventional engravings which embellish or blemish them.

The true artist would do much to extend the popularity of Crabbe by assisting his readers to realise the conceptions of one of the most realistic of poets.

EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

Poems by George Crabbe.

ISAAC ASHFORD.

A VIRTUOUS PEASANT.

NEXT to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind;
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,

Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd
(Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour which their neighbours find) :
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning—though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few :—
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,—
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride,
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim ;
Christian and countryman was all with him :
True to his church he came ; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour ;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,

By the strong glare of their new light direct :—
"On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind, and lose it, in your blaze."
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain ;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done ;
When he, save honest fame, retain'd no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor :
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent :—
"Kind are your laws ('tis not to be denied),
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide,
And they are just ;—when young we give you all,
And for assistance in our weakness call.—
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread ?
But yet I linger, loth with him to feed,
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need ;
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look :
On some old master I could well depend ;
See him with joy and thank him as a friend ;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die :
Yet help me, Heav'n ! and let me not complain
Of what I suffer, but my fate sustain."
Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew ;

Daily he placed the workhouse in his view !
But came not there ; for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage gate.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there :
I see no more these white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile ;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there :—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man contented to be poor.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

NEXT at our altar stood a luckless pair,
Brought by strong passions and a warrant there;
By long rent cloak, hung loosely, strove the bride,
From every eye, what all perceived, to hide,
While the boy-bridegroom, shuffling in his pace,
Now hid awhile and then exposed his face;
As shame alternately with anger strove,
The brain confused with muddy ale, to move:
In haste and stammering he perform'd his part,
And look'd the rage that rankled in his heart
(So will each lover inly curse his fate,
Too soon made happy and made wise too late):
I saw his features take a savage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come.
Low spake the lass, and lisp'd and minced the while,
Look'd on the lad, and faintly tried to smile;
With soften'd speech and humbled tone she strove
To stir the embers of departed love:
While he, a tyrant, frowning walk'd before,
Felt the poor purse, and sought the public door,
She sadly following, in submission went,

And saw the final shilling foully spent;
Then to her father's hut the pair withdrew,
And bade to love and comfort long adieu!
Ah! fly temptation, youth, refrain! refrain!
I preach for ever; but I preach in vain!
Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When Phœbe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen:
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power,
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length the youth ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,

And pleased by manners most unlike her own ;
Loud though in love, and confident though young ;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue ;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the Squire, and brush'd the coat he made.
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board ;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth ;—she sigh'd and look'd consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and 'cross the green
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid ;
Slow through the meadows roved they, many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank, and trifled at each stile ;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears.—
Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate ;
There he pronounced adieu ! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away ;
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire, and oft return again ;
When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind
The grief assumed compell'd her to be kind !
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave ;
And to his grief and penance yielded more

Than his presumption had required before.
Ah ! fly temptation, youth ; refrain ! refrain !
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain !
Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains ;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled ;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again ;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes ;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms.
With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay ;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground ;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes :
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path, but not her peace, she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains ;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,

And sobbing struggles with the rising fits :
In vain they come, she feels th' inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief ;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
The neighbour matron leaves her wheel and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies ;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, nor allured by praise ;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress ! the mourner feels thy aid ;
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
But who this child of weakness, want, and care ?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair ;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart :
" And then his prayers ! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love : "—
But ah ! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repair'd ;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd ;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd ;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

SIR DENYS BRAND.

"ALL men at least agree
Sir Denys Brand had magnanimity:
His were no vulgar charities; none saw
Him like the Merchant to the hut withdraw;
He left to meaner minds the simple deed,
By which the houseless rest, the hungry feed;
His was a public bounty vast and grand,
'Twas not in him to work with viewless hand;
He raised the Room that towers above the street,
A public room where grateful parties meet;
He first the Life-boat plann'd; to him the place
Is deep in debt—'twas he revived the Race;
To every public act this hearty friend
Would give with freedom or with frankness lend;
His money built the Jail, nor prisoner yet
Sits at his ease, but he must feel the debt;
To these let candour add his vast display;
Around his mansion all is grand and gay,
And this is bounty with the name of pay."
I grant the whole, nor from one deed retract,
But wish recorded too the private act;

All these were great, but still our hearts approve
Those simpler tokens of the Christian love;
'Twould give me joy some gracious deed to meet
That has not call'd for glory through the street—
Who felt for many, could not always shun,
In some soft moment, to be kind to one;
And yet they tell us, when Sir Denys died,
That not a widow in the Borough sigh'd;
Great were his gifts, his mighty heart I own,
But why describe what all the world has known?
The rest is petty pride, the useless art
Of a vain mind to hide a swelling heart:
Small was his private room; men found him there
By a plain table, on a paltry chair;
A wretched floor-cloth, and some prints around,
The easy purchase of a single pound:
These humble trifles and that study small
Make a strong contrast with the servants' hall;
There barely comfort, here a proud excess,
The pompous seat of pamper'd idleness,
Where the sleek rogues with one consent declare
They would not live upon his honour's fare;
He daily took but one half-hour to dine,
On one poor dish and some three sips of wine;
Then he'd abuse them for their sumptuous feasts,
And say, "My friends! you make yourselves like beasts;
One dish suffices any man to dine,
But you are greedy as a herd of swine;
Learn to be temperate." Had they dared t' obey,

He would have praised and turn'd them all away.
Friends met Sir Denys riding in his ground,
And there the meekness of his spirit found:
For that grey coat, not new for many a year,
Hides all that would like decent dress appear;
An old brown pony 'twas his will to ride,
Who shuffled onward, and from side to side;
A five-pound purchase, but so fat and sleek,
His very plenty made the creature weak.
"Sir Denys Brand! and on so poor a steed!"
"Poor! it may be—such things I never heed:"
And who that youth behind, of pleasant mien,
Equipp'd as one who wishes to be seen,
Upon a horse, twice victor for a plate,
A noble hunter, bought at dearest rate?—
Him the lad fearing, yet resolved to guide,
He curbs his spirit, while he strokes his pride.
"A handsome youth, Sir Denys; and a horse
Of finer figure never trod the course—
Yours, without question?"—"Yes! I think a groom
Bought me the beast; I cannot say the sum.
I ride him not; it is a foolish pride
Men have in cattle—but my people ride;
The boy is—hark ye, sirrah! what's your name?
Ay, Jacob, yes! I recollect—the same;
As I bethink me now, a tenant's son—
I think a tenant,—is your father one?"
There was an idle boy who ran about,
And found his master's humble spirit out;
He would at awful distance snatch a look,

Then run away and hide him in some nook ;
"For oh !" quoth he, "I dare not fix my sight
On him, his grandeur puts me in a fright ;
Oh ! Mister Jacob, when you wait on him,
Do you not quake and tremble every limb?"
The steward soon had orders—"Summers, see
That Sam be clothed, and let him wait on me"

PETER PRATT.

A LEARNED GARDENER.

"WHY Lonicera wilt thou name the child?"
I ask'd the gardener's wife, in accents mild:
"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame;—
And Lonicera was the infant's name.
If next a son shall yield our gardener joy,
Then Hyacinthus shall be that fair boy;
And if a girl, they will at length agree
That Belladonna that fair maid shall be.
High-sounding words our worthy gardener gets,
And at his club to wondering swains repeats;
He then of Rhus and Rhododendron speaks,
And Allium calls his onions and his leeks;
Nor weeds are now, for whence arose the weed,
Scarce plants, fair herbs, and curious flowers proceed;
Where cuckoo-pints and dandelions sprung
(Gross names had they our plainer sires among),
There Arums, there Leontodons we view,
And Artemisia grows where wormwood grew.
But though no weed exists his garden round,

From Rumex strong our gardener frees his ground,
Takes soft Senecio from the yielding land,
And grasps the arm'd Urtica in his hand.
Not Darwin's self had more delight to sing
Of floral courtship, in th' awaken'd spring,
Than Peter Pratt, who simpering loves to tell
How rise the stamens, as the pistils swell;
How bend and curl the moist-top to the spouse,
And give and take the vegetable vows;
How those esteem'd of old but tips and chives,
Are tender husbands and obedient wives;
Who live and love within the sacred bower,—
That bridal bed, the vulgar term a flower.
Hear Peter proudly, to some humble friend,
A wondrous secret, in his science, lend:—
"Would you advance the nuptial hour and bring
The fruit of autumn with the flowers of spring;
View that light frame where Cucumis lies spread,
And trace the husbands in their golden bed,
Three powder'd anthers; then no more delay,
But to the stigma's tip their dust convey;
Then by thyself, from prying glance secure,
Twirl the full tip and make your purpose sure;
A long-abiding race the deed shall pay,
Nor one unblest abortion pine away."
T' admire their friend's discourse our swains agree,
And call it science and philosophy.

A POOR FARMER.

JAMES BARNABY.

A HUMBLE man is *he*, and when they meet,
Our farmers find him on a distant seat ;
There for their wit he serves a constant theme,—
" They praise his dairy, they extol his team,
They ask the price of each unrivall'd steed,
And whence his sheep, that admirable breed.
His thriving arts they beg he would explain,
And where he puts the money he must gain.
They have their daughters, but they fear their friend
Would think his sons too much would condescend ;—
They have their sons who would their fortunes try,
But fear his daughters will their suit deny."
So runs the joke, while James, with sigh profound,
And face of care, looks moveless on the ground ;
His cares, his sighs, provoke the insult more,
And point the jest—for Barnaby is poor.

RICHARD MONDAY.

A FOUNDLING.

To name an infant meet our village sires,
Assembled all as such event requires;
Frequent and full, the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urged the long debate,—
Some harden'd knaves, who roved the country round,
Had left a babe within the parish bound.—
First, of the fact they question'd, "Was it true?"
The child was brought—"What then remain'd to do?"
"Was't dead or living?" This was fairly proved,—
'Twas pinch'd, it roar'd, and every doubt removed.
Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was long a question, and it posed them all;
For he who lent it to a babe unknown,
Censorious men might take it for his own:
They looked about, they gravely spoke to all,
And not one Richard answer'd to the call.
Next they inquired the day, when, passing by,
Th' unlucky peasant heard the stranger's cry.
This known,—how food and raiment they might give

Was next debated—for the rogue would live;
At last, with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
And Richard Monday to the Workhouse sent.
There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use:
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace.
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stirr'd his ever torpid breast;
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat,
He was a footstool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that ran at all commands;
They used on all occasions Richard's hands:
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole;
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledged his oath on either side;
In all rebellions Richard join'd the rest,
In all detections Richard first confess'd;
Yet, though disgraced, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favour when in fame he fell;
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despised and fed the pliant boy.
At length "'Tis time he should abroad be sent,"
Was whisper'd near him,—and abroad he went;

One morn they call'd him, Richard answer'd not ;
They deem'd him hanging, and in time forgot,—
Yet miss'd him long, as each throughout the clan
Found "he had better spared a better man."

Now Richard's talents for the world were fit,—
He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit ;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant :
He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide—
How best for Richard Monday to provide.
Steel, through opposing plates, the magnet draws,
And steely atoms culls from dust and straws ;
And thus our hero, to his interest true,
Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew ;
But still more surely round the world to go,
This fortune's child had neither friend nor foe.

Long lost to us, at last our man we trace,—
"Sir Richard Monday died at Monday Place :"
His lady's worth, his daughter's, we peruse,
And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews :
He gave reforming charities a sum,
And bought the blessings of the blind and dumb ;
Bequeath'd to missions money from the stocks,
And Bibles issued from his private box ;
But to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust ;—
Two paltry pounds on every quarter's day
(At church produced) for forty loaves should pay ;
A stinted gift that to the parish shows
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows !

REUBEN DIXON.

VARIOUS our day-schools: here behold we one
Empty and still:—the morning duties done,
Soil'd, tatter'd, worn, and thrown in various heaps,
Appear their books, and there confusion sleeps;
The workmen all are from the Babel fled,
And lost their tools, till the return they dread:
Meantime the master, with his wig awry,
Prepares his books for business by-and-by:
Now all the insignia of the monarch laid
Beside him, rest, and none stand by afraid;
He, while his troop light-hearted leap and play
Is all intent on duties of the day;
No more the tyrant stern, or judge severe,
He feels the father's and the husband's fear.
  Ah! little think the timid trembling crowd,
That one so wise, so powerful, and so proud,
Should feel himself, and dread the humble ills
Of rent-day charges, and of coalman's bills:
That while they mercy from their judge implore,
He fears himself—a knocking at the door;
And feels the burthen as his neighbour states

His humble portion to the parish rates.
They sit th' allotted hours, then eager run,
Rushing to pleasure when the duty's done ;
His hour of leisure is of different kind,
Then cares domestic rush upon his mind,
And half the ease and comfort he enjoys,
Is when surrounded by slates, books, and boys.
Poor *Reuben Dixon* has the noisiest school
Of ragged lads, who ever bow'd to rule ;
Low in his price—the men who heave our coals,
And clean our causeways, send him boys in shoals ;
To see poor Reuben, with his fry beside,—
Their half-check'd rudeness and his half-scorn'd pride,—
Their room, the sty in which th' assembly meet,
In the close lane behind the Northgate-street ;
T' observe his vain attempts to keep the peace,
Till tolls the bell, and strife and troubles cease,—
Calls for our praise ; his labour praise deserves,
But not our pity ; Reuben has no nerves :
'Mid noise and dirt, and stench, and play, and prate,
He calmly cuts the pen or views the slate.

SQUIRE ASGILL.

"THEN lived the good Squire Asgill—what a change
Has death and fashion shown us at the Grange!
He bravely thought it best became his rank
That all his tenants and his tradesmen drank:
He was delighted from his favourite room
To see them 'cross the park go daily home
Praising aloud the liquor and the host,
And striving who should venerate him most.

"No pride had he, and there was difference small
Between the master's and the servants' hall;
And here or there the guests were welcome all.
Of Heaven's free gifts he took no special care,
He never quarrell'd for a simple hare;
But sought, by giving sport, a sportsman's name,
Himself a poacher, though at other game:
He never planted nor inclosed—his trees
Grew, like himself, untroubled and at ease:
Bounds of all kinds he hated, and had felt
Choked and imprison'd in a modern belt,
Which some rare genius now has twined about
The good old house, to keep old neighbours out.

Along his valleys, in the evening hours,
The borough damsels stray'd to gather flowers ;
Or by the brakes and brushwood of the park,
To take their pleasant rambles in the dark.
" Some prudes, of rigid kind, forbore to call
On the kind females—favourites at the hall ;
But better nature saw, with much delight,
The different orders of mankind unite.
'Twas schooling pride to see the footman wait,
Smile on his sister, and receive her plate.
" His worship ever was a churchman true,
He held in scorn the Methodistic crew ;
' May God defend the Church and save the king,'
He'd pray devoutly, and divinely sing.
Admit that he the holy day would spend
As priests approved not, still he was a friend :
Much then I blame the preacher, as too nice,
To call such trifles by the name of vice ;
Hinting, though gently, and with cautious speech,
Of good example—'tis their trade to preach.
But still 'twas pity, when the worthy squire
Stuck to the Church, what more could they require?
'Twas almost joining that fanatic crew,
To throw such morals at his honour's pew ;
A weaker man, had he been so reviled,
Had left the place—he only swore and smiled.
" But think, ye rectors and ye curates, think,
Who are your friends, and at their frailties wink ;
Conceive not, mounted on your Sunday throne,
Your firebrands fall upon your foes alone ;

They strike your patrons—and should all withdraw
In whom your wisdoms may discern a flaw,
You would the flower of all your audience lose,
And spend your crackers on their empty pews.
"The father dead, the son has found a wife,
And lives a formal, proud, unsocial life;
The lands are now inclosed; the tenants all,
Save at a rent-day, never see the hall;
No lass is suffer'd o'er the walks to come,
And if there's love, they have it all at home.
"Oh! could the ghost of our good squire arise,
And see such change,—would it believe its eyes?
Would it not glide about from place to place,
And mourn the manners of a feebler race?
At that long table, where the servants found
Mirth and abundance while the year went round;
Where a huge pollard on the winter fire
At a huge distance made them all retire;
Where not a measure in the room was kept,
And but one rule—they tippled till they slept,—
There would it see a pale old hag preside,
A thing made up of stinginess and pride;
Who carves the meat, as if the flesh could feel,
Careless whose flesh must miss the plenteous meal;
Here would the ghost a small coal fire behold,
Not fit to keep one body from the cold;
Then would it flit to higher rooms, and stay
To view a dull, dress'd company at play;
All the old comfort, all the genial fare
For ever gone! how sternly would it stare;

And though it might not to their view appear,
'Twould cause among them lassitude and fear;
Then wait to see—where he delight has seen—
The dire effect of fretfulness and spleen."

DOLLY MURRAY.

" Poor Dolly Murray ! I might live to see
My hundredth year, but no such lass as she.
Easy by nature, in her humour gay,
She chose her comforts, ratafia and play ;
She loved the social game, the decent glass,
And was a jovial, friendly, laughing lass ;
We sat not then at whist demure and still,
But pass'd the pleasant hours at gay quadrille :
Lame in her side, we placed her in her seat,
Her hands were free, she cared not for her feet ;
As the game ended, came the glass around
(So was the loser cheer'd, the winner crown'd).
Mistress of secrets, both the young and old
In her confided—not a tale she told ;
Love never made impression on her mind,
She held him weak, and all his captives blind ;
She suffer'd no man her free soul to vex,
Free from the weakness of her gentle sex ;
One with whom ours unmoved conversing sate,
In cool discussion or in free debate.
" Once in her chair we'd placed the good old lass,

Where first she took her preparation-glass ;
By lucky thought she'd been that day at prayers,
And long before had fix'd her small affairs ;
So all was easy—on her cards she cast
A smiling look ; I saw the thought that pass'd :
'A king,' she call'd—though conscious of her skill,
'Do more,' I answer'd—'More,' she said, 'I will ;'
And more she did—cards answer'd to her call,
She saw the mighty to her mightier fall :
'A vole ! a vole ! ' she cried, ''tis fairly won,
My game is ended, and my work is done.'
This said, she gently, with a single sigh,
Died as one taught and practised how to die."

WIDOW GOE.

A THRIFTY DAME.

NEXT died the Widow Goe, an active dame,
Famed ten miles round, and worthy all her fame;
She lost her husband when their loves were young,
But kept her farm, her credit, and her tongue:
Full thirty years she ruled, with matchless skill,
With guiding judgment and resistless will;
Advice she scorn'd, rebellions she suppress'd,
And sons and servants bow'd at her behest.
Like that great man's, who to his Saviour came,
Were the strong words of this commanding dame:—
"Come," if she said, they came; if "Go," were gone;
And if "Do this,"—that instant it was done:
Her maidens told she was all eye and ear,
In darkness saw, and could at distance hear;
No parish business in the place could stir,
Without direction or assent from her;
In turn she took each office as it fell,
Knew all their duties and discharged them well;

The lazy vagrants in her presence shook,
And pregnant damsels fear'd her stern rebuke ;
She look'd on want with judgment clear and cool,
And felt with reason and bestow'd by rule ;
She match'd both sons and daughters to her mind,
And lent them eyes, for Love, she heard, was blind ;
Yet ceaseless still she throve, alert, alive,
The working bee, in full or empty hive ;
Busy and careful, like that working bee,
No time for love nor tender cares had she ;
But when our farmers made their amorous vows,
She talk'd of market-steeds and patent ploughs.
Not unemploy'd her evenings pass'd away,
Amusement closed, as business waked the day ;
When to her toilet's brief concern she ran,
And conversation with her friends began,
Who all were welcome, what they saw, to share ;
And joyous neighbours praised her Christmas fare,
That none around might, in their scorn, complain
Of Gossip Goe as greedy in her gain.
Thus long she reign'd, admired, if not approved ;
Praised, if not honour'd ; fear'd, if not beloved ;—
When, as the busy days of spring drew near,
That call'd for all the forecast of the year ;
When lively hope the rising crops survey'd,
And April promised what September paid ;
When stray'd her lambs where gorse and greenweed
grow ;
When rose her grass in richer vales below ;
When pleased she look'd on all the smiling land,

And view'd the hinds, who wrought at her command
(Poultry in groups still follow'd where she went);
Then dread o'ercame her,—that her days were spent.
"Bless me! I die, and not a warning given,—
With *much* to do on earth, and all for Heav'n!—
No reparation for my soul's affairs,
No leave petition'd for the barn's repairs;
Accounts perplex'd, my interest yet unpaid,
My mind unsettled, and my will unmade;—
A lawyer haste, and in your way, a priest;
And let me die in one good work at least."
She spake, and trembling, dropp'd upon her knees,
Heaven in her eye and in her hand her keys;
And still the more she found her life decay,
With greater force she grasped those signs of sway:
Then fell and died!—In haste her sons drew near,
And dropp'd, in haste, the tributary tear;
Then from the adhering clasp the keys unbound,
And consolation for their sorrows found.

BLANEY, AN AGED AND IMPOVERISHED DEBAUCHEE.

COME ye! who live for pleasure, come, behold
A man of pleasure when he's poor and old;
When he looks back through life, and cannot find
A single action to relieve his mind;
When he looks forward, striving still to keep
A steady prospect of eternal sleep;
When not one friend is left, of all the train
Whom 'twas his pride and boast to entertain,—
Friends now employ'd from house to house to run,
And say, "Alas! poor Blaney is undone!"—
Those whom he shook with ardour by the hand,
By whom he stood as long as he could stand,
Who seem'd to him from all deception clear,
And who, more strange! might think themselves sincere.
  Lo! now the hero shuffling through the town,
To hunt a dinner and to beg a crown;
To tell an idle tale, that boys may smile;
To bear a strumpet's billet-doux a mile;
To cull a wanton for a youth of wealth
(With reverend view to both his taste and health);

To be a useful, needy thing between
Fear and desire—the pander and the screen;
To flatter pictures, houses, horses, dress,
The wildest fashion, or the worst excess;
To be the grey seducer, and entice
Unbearded folly into acts of vice;
And then, to level every fence which law
And virtue fix to keep the mind in awe,
He first inveigles youth to walk astray,
Next prompts and soothes them in their fatal way,
Then vindicates the deed, and makes the mind his prey.

THE LADY OF THE HALL.

NEXT died the Lady who yon Hall possess'd,
And here they brought her noble bones to rest.
In town she dwelt;—forsaken stood the Hall:
Worms ate the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall:
No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd;
No cheerful light the long-closed sash convey'd:
The crawling worm, that turns a summer fly,
Here spun his shroud, and laid him up to die
The winter death:—upon the bed of state,
The bat shrill shrieking woo'd his flickering mate;
To empty rooms the curious came no more;
From empty cellars turn'd the angry poor,
And surly beggars cursed the ever-bolted door.
To one small room the steward found his way
Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay;
Yet no complaint before the Lady came,
The feeling servant spared the feeble dame;
Who saw her farms with his observing eyes,
And answer'd all requests with his replies:—
She came not down, her falling groves to view;
Why should she know, what one so faithful knew?

Why come, from many clamorous tongues to hear
What one so just might whisper in her ear?
Her oaks or acres, why with care explore;
Why learn the wants, the sufferings of the poor;
When one so knowing all their worth could trace,
And one so piteous govern'd in her place?
Lo! now, what dismal sons of Darkness come,
To bear this daughter of Indulgence home;
Tragedians all, and well-arranged in black!
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake their sables in the wearied eye,
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean!
The tear for kindess past affection owes;
For worth deceased the sigh from reason flows;
E'en well-feign'd passion for our sorrows call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall:
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Unlike the darkness of the sky, that pours
On the dry ground its fertilising showers;
Unlike to that which strikes the soul with dread,
When thunders roar and forky fires are shed;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.
When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms appear,
And oh! how needless, when the woe's sincere.

Slow to the vault they come, with heavy tread,
Bending beneath the Lady and her lead ;
A case of elm surrounds that ponderous chest,
Close on that case the crimson velvet's press'd ;
Ungenerous this, that to the worm denies,
With niggard caution, his appointed prize ;
For now, ere yet he works his tedious way,
Through cloth and wood and metal to his prey,
That prey dissolving shall a mass remain,
That fancy loathes, and worms themselves disdain.
But see ! the master-mourner makes his way,
To end his office for the coffin'd clay ;
Pleased that our rustic men and maids behold
His plate like silver, and his studs like gold,
As they approach to spell the age, the name,
And all the titles of th' illustrious dame.—
This as (my duty done) some scholar read,
A village father look'd disdain, and said,
" Away, my friends ! Why take such pains to know
What some brave marble soon in church shall show?
Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,
But how she liv'd—the blessings of the land ;
How much we all deplor'd the noble dead,
What groans we utter'd and what tears we shed ;
Tears, true as those which in the sleepy eyes
Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise ;
Tears true as those which, ere she found her grave,
The noble lady to our sorrows gave."

ANDREW COLLETT.

WHO are the dead, how died they, I relate,
And snatch some portion of their acts from fate.
With Andrew Collett we the year begin,
The blind, fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn,—
Big as his butt, and, for the selfsame use,
To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told,
When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold:
His heroes all were famous in their days,
Cheats were his boast, and drunkards had his praise:
"One, in three draughts, three mugs of ale took down,
As mugs were then—the champion of the Crown:
For thrice three days another lived on ale,
And knew no change but that of mild and stale;
Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side,
When he the tap, with dext'rous hand, applied;
Nor from their seats departed, till they found
That butt was out, and heard the mournful sound."

He praised a poacher, precious child of fun!
Who shot the keeper with his own spring gun;
Nor less the smuggler who th' exciseman tied,
And left him hanging at the birch-wood side,
There to expire;—but one who saw him hang
Cut the good cord—a traitor of the gang.
His own exploits with boastful glee he told,
What ponds he emptied and what pikes he sold;
And how, when blest with sight, alert and gay,
The night's amusements kept him through the day.
He sang the praises of those times, when all
"For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call;
When justice wink'd on every jovial crew,
And ten-pins tumbled in the parson's view."
He told when angry wives, provoked to rail,
Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale,
What were his triumphs, and how great the skill
That won the vex'd virago to his will;
Who raving came;—then talk'd in milder strain,—
Then wept, then drank, and pledged her spouse again.
Such were his themes: how knaves o'er laws prevail,
Or, when made captives, how they fly from jail;
The young how brave, how subtle were the old:
And oaths attested all that Folly told.
On death like his what name shall we bestow,
So very sudden! yet so very slow?

'Twas slow :—Disease, augmenting year by year,
Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought near :
'Twas not less sudden ; in the night he died ;
He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied ;
Thus aiding folly with departing breath :—
" Beware, Lorenzo, the slow-sudden death."

ROGER CUFF.

Now to his grave was Roger Cuff convey'd,
And strong resentment's lingering spirit laid.
Shipwreck'd in youth, he home return'd, and found
His brethren three—and thrice they wish'd him drown'd.
"Is this a landsman's love? Be certain then,
We part for ever!" and they cried, "Amen!"
His words were truth's:—Some forty summers fled,
His brethren died; his kin supposed him dead:
Three nephews these, one sprightly niece, and one,
Less near in blood,—they call'd him *surly John;*
He work'd in woods apart from all his kind,
Fierce were his looks and moody was his mind.
For home the sailor now began to sigh:—
"The dogs are dead, and I'll return and die;
When all I have, my gains, in years of care,
The younger Cuffs with kinder souls shall share—
Yet hold! I'm rich;—with one consent they'll say,
'You're welcome, uncle, as the flowers in May.'
No; I'll disguise me, be in tatters dress'd,
And best befriend the lads who treat me best."
Now all his kindred—neither rich nor poor -

Kept the wolf Want some distance from the door.
In piteous plight he knock'd at George's gate,
And begg'd for aid, as he described his state :
But stern was George :—" Let them who had thee strong,
Help thee to drag thy weaken'd frame along ;
To us a stranger, while your limbs would move,
From us depart, and try a stranger's love :—
Ha ! dost thou murmur ! " for, in Roger's throat
Was " Rascal ! " rising with disdainful note.
To pious James he then his prayer address'd ;—
" Good-lack," quoth James, " thy sorrows pierce my breast ;
And, had I wealth, as have my brethren twain,
One board should feed us, and one roof contain :
But plead I will thy cause, and I will pray :
And so farewell ! Heaven help thee on thy way ! "
" Scoundrel ! " said Roger (but apart) ;—and told
His case to Peter :—Peter too was cold :
" The rates are high ; we have a-many poor ;
But I will think,"—he said, and shut the door.
Then the gay niece the seeming pauper press'd :—
" Turn, Nancy, turn, and view this form distress'd ;
Akin to thine is this declining frame,
And this poor beggar claims an uncle's name."
" Avaunt ! begone ! " the courteous maiden said,
" Thou vile imposter ! Uncle Roger's dead :
I hate thee, beast ; thy look my spirit shocks ;
Oh ! that I saw thee starving in the stocks ! "
" My gentle niece," he said—and sought the wood :—
" I hunger, fellow ; prithee give me food ! "

"Give! am I rich? This hatchet take, and try
Thy proper strength, nor give those limbs the lie;
Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woes thine own right hand can heal;
And while that hand is thine, and thine a leg,
Scorn of the proud or of the base to beg."

"Come, *surly John*, thy wealthy kinsman view,"
Old Roger said;—"thy words are brave and true;
Come, live with me: we'll vex those scoundrel boys,
And that prim shrew shall, envying, hear our joys.—
Tobacco's glorious fume all day we'll share,
With beef and brandy kill all kinds of care;
We'll beer and biscuit on our table heap,
And rail at rascals, till we fall asleep."

Such was their life; but when the woodman died,
His grieving kin for Roger's smiles applied—
In vain; he shut, with stern rebuke, the door,
And dying, built a refuge for the poor,
With this restriction, that no *Cuff* should share
One meal, or shelter for one moment there.

My Record ends:—But hark! e'en now I hear
The bell of death, and know not whose to fear:
Our farmers all, and all our hinds were well;
In no man's cottage danger seem'd to dwell:—
Yet death of man proclaim these heavy chimes,
For thrice they sound, with pausing space, three times.

"Go; of my sexton seek, whose days are sped?—
What! he, himself!—and is old Dibble dead?"
His eightieth year he reach'd, still undecay'd,
And rectors five to one close vault convey'd:—

But he is gone; his care and skill I lose,
And gain a mournful subject for my muse:
His masters lost, he'd oft in turn deplore,
And kindly add,—"Heaven grant I lose no more!"
Yet, while he spake, a sly and pleasant glance
Appear'd at variance with his complaisance:
For, as he told their fate and varying worth,
He archly look'd,—"I yet may bear thee forth."
"When first (he so began) my trade I plied,
Good master Addle was the parish guide;
His clerk and sexton, I beheld with fear
His stride majestic, and his frown severe;
A noble pillar of the church he stood,
Adorn'd with college gown and parish hood:
Then as he paced the hallow'd aisles about,
He fill'd the seven-fold surplice fairly out!
But in his pulpit wearied down with prayer,
He sat and seem'd as in his study's chair;
For while the anthem swell'd, and when it ceased,
Th' expecting people view'd their slumbering priest;
Who, dozing, died.—Our Parson Peele was next:
'I will not spare you,' was his favourite text;
Nor did he spare, but raised them many a pound;
E'en me he mulct for my poor rood of ground;
Yet cared he nought but with a gibing speech,
'What should I do,' quoth he, 'but what I preach?'
His piercing jokes (and he'd a plenteous store)
Were daily offer'd both to rich and poor;
His scorn, his love, in playful words he spoke;
His pity, praise, and promise, were a joke:

But though so young and blest with spirits high,
He died as grave as any judge could die :
The strong attack subdued his lively powers,—
His was the grave, and Doctor Grandspear ours.
"Then were there golden times the village round ;
In his abundance all appear'd t' abound ;
Liberal and rich, a plenteous board he spread,
E'en cool Dissenters at his table fed ;
Who wish'd and hoped,—and thought a man so kind,
A way to Heaven, though not their own, might find.
To them, to all, he was polite and free,
Kind to the poor, and, ah ! most kind to me !
'Ralph,' would he say, 'Ralph Dibble, thou art old ;
That doublet fit, 'twill keep thee from the cold :
How does my sexton ?—What ! the times are hard ;
Drive that stout pig, and pen him in thy yard.'
But most, his rev'rence loved a mirthful jest :—
'Thy coat is thin ; why, man, thou'rt *barely* dress'd ;
It's worn to th' thread : but I have nappy beer ;
Clap that within, and see how they will wear !'
"Gay days were these ; but they were quickly past :
When first he came, we found he couldn't last :
A whoreson cough (and at the fall of leaf)
Upset him quite ;—but what's the gain of grief?
"Then came the author rector : his delight
Was all in books ; to read them or to write :
Women and men he strove alike to shun,
And hurried homeward when his tasks were done ;
Courteous enough, but careless what he said,
For points of learning he reserved his head ;

And when addressing either poor or rich,
He knew no better than his cassock which :
He, like an osier was of pliant kind,
Erect by nature, but to bend inclined ;
Not like a creeper falling to the ground,
Or meanly catching on the neighbours round :
Careless was he of surplice, hood, and band,—
And kindly took them as they came to hand,
Nor, like the doctor, wore a world of hat,
As if he sought for dignity in that :
He talk'd, he gave, but not with cautious rules ;
Nor turn'd from gipsies, vagabonds, or fools ;
It was his nature, but they thought it whim,
And so our beaux and beauties turn'd from him.
Of questions, much he wrote, profound and dark, —
How spake the serpent, and where stopp'd the ark ;
From what far land the queen of Sheba came ;
Who Salem's priest, and what his father's name ;
He made the Song of Songs its mysteries yield,
And Revelations to the world reveal'd.
He sleeps i' the aisle,—but not a stone records
His name or fame, his actions or his words :
And truth, your reverence, when I look around,
And mark the tombs in our sepulchral ground
(Though dare I not of one man's hope to doubt),
I'd join the party who repose without.

"Next came a youth from Cambridge, and in truth
He was a sober and a comely youth ;
He blush'd in meekness as a modest man,
And gain'd attention ere his task began ;

When preaching, seldom ventured on reproof,
But touch'd his neighbours tenderly enough.
Him, in his youth, a clamorous sect assail'd,
Advised and censured, flatter'd,—and prevail'd.—
Then did he much his sober hearers vex,
Confound the simple, and the sad perplex;
To a new style his reverence rashly took;
Loud grew his voice, to threat'ning swell'd his look;
Above, below, on either side he gazed,
Amazing all, and most himself amazed:
No more he read his preachments pure and plain,
But launch'd outright, and rose and sank again:
At times he smiled in scorn, at times he wept,
And such sad coil with words of vengeance kept,
That our best sleepers started as they slept.

"'Conviction comes like lightning,' he would cry;
'In vain you seek it, and in vain you fly;
'Tis like the rushing of the mighty wind,
Unseen its progress, but its power you find;
It strikes the child ere yet its reason wakes;
His reason fled, the ancient sire it shakes;
The proud, learn'd man, and him who loves to know
How and from whence those gusts of grace will blow,
It shuns,—but sinners in their way impedes,
And sots and harlots visits in their deeds:
Of faith and penance it supplies the place;
Assures the vilest that they live by grace,
And, without running, makes them win the race.'

"Such was the doctrine our young prophet taught;
And here conviction, there confusion wrought!

When his thin cheek assumed a deadly hue,
And all the rose to one small spot withdrew :
They call'd it hectic ; 'twas a fiery flush,
More fix'd and deeper than the maiden blush ;
His paler lips the pearly teeth disclosed,
And lab'ring lungs the length'ning speech opposed.
No more his span-girth shanks and quiv'ring thighs
Upheld a body of the smaller size ;
But down he sank upon his dying bed,
And gloomy crotchets fill'd his wandering head.
" ' Spite of my faith, all-saving faith,' he cried,
' I fear of worldly works the wicked pride ;
Poor as I am, degraded, abject, blind,
The good I've wrought still rankles in my mind ;
My alms-deeds all, and every deed I've done ;
My moral rags defile me every one ;
It should not be :—what say'st thou ! tell me, Ralph.'
Quoth I, ' Your reverence, I believe you're safe ;
Your faith 's your prop, nor have you pass'd such time
In life's good works as swell them to a crime.
If I of pardon for my sins were sure,
About my goodness I would rest secure.'
" Such was his end, and mine approaches fast ;
I've seen my best of preachers,—and my last."—
He bow'd, and archly smiled at what he said,
Civil but sly :—" And is old Dibble dead ?"
Yes, he is gone ; and *we* are going all ;
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall ;—
Here, with an infant, joyful sponsors come,
Then bear the new-made Christian to its home ;

NOTICE.

A SPLENDID GIFT FOR NORTH-COUNTRY PEOPLE.

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Volume of the 'Monthly Chronicle' for 1888

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With the First Part of Vol. III., January, 1889 (which will be issued on December 22, 1888), there will be given away a handsome **Lithographic Portrait of Lord Armstrong**, suitable for framing, 22½ inches by 17½ inches.

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London: Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane.

A few short years and we behold him stand
To ask a blessing with his bride in hand :
A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His widow weeping at her husband's bier.
Thus, as the months succeed, shall infants take
Their names ; thus parents shall the child forsake ;
Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,
By love or law compell'd their vows to seal,
Ere I again, or one like me, explore
These simple Annals of the Village Poor.

SIR EDWARD ARCHER AND FANNY PRICE.

SIR EDWARD ARCHER is an amorous knight,
And maidens chaste and lovely shun his sight;
His bailiff's daughter suited much his taste,
For Fanny Price was lovely and was chaste;
To her the knight with gentle looks drew near,
And timid voice assumed to banish fear:—
"Hope of my life, dear sovereign of my breast,
Which since I knew thee, knows not joy nor rest:
Know, thou art all that my delighted eyes,
My fondest thoughts, my proudest wishes prize;
And is that bosom (what on earth so fair!)
To cradle some coarse peasant's sprawling heir,
To be that pillow which some surly swain
May treat with scorn and agonise with pain?
Art thou, sweet maid, a ploughman's wants to share,
To dread his insult, to support his care,
To hear his follies, his contempt to prove,
And (oh! the torment!) to endure his love;
Till want and deep regret those charms destroy,
That time would spare, if time were pass'd in joy?
With him, in varied pains, from morn till night,

Your hours shall pass; yourself a ruffian's right;
Your softest bed shall be the knotted wool;
Your purest drink the waters of the pool;
Your sweetest food will but your life sustain;
And your best pleasure be a rest from pain;
While, through each year, as health and strength
abate,
You'll weep your woes and wonder at your fate;
And cry, 'Behold,' as life's last cares come on,
'My burthen's growing when my strength is gone.'
"Now turn with me, and all the young desire
That taste can form, that fancy can require;
All that excites enjoyment, or procures
Wealth, health, respect, delight, and love, are yours:
Sparkling, in cups of gold, your wine shall flow,
Grace that fair hand, in that dear bosom glow:
Fruits of each clime, and flowers, through all the
year,
Shall on your walls and in your walks appear:
Where all beholding. shall your praise repeat,
No fruit so tempting, and no flower so sweet:
The softest carpets in your rooms shall lie,
Pictures of happiest love shall meet your eye,
And tallest mirrors reaching to the floor,
Shall show you all the object I adore;
Who, by the hands of wealth and fashion dress'd,
By slaves attended and by friends caress'd,
Shall move, a wonder, through the public ways,
And hear the whispers of adoring praise.
Your female friends, though gayest of the gay,

Shall see you happy, and shall, sighing, say,
While smother'd envy rises in the breast,—
'Oh! that we lived so beauteous and so blest!'
"Come, then, my mistress, and my wife; for she
Who trusts my honour is the wife for me;
Your slave, your husband, and your friend employ
In search of pleasures we may both enjoy."
To this, the damsel, meekly firm, replied:
"My mother loved, was married, toil'd, and died:
With joys she'd griefs, had troubles in her course,
But not one grief was pointed by remorse:
My mind is fix'd, to Heaven I resign,
And be her love, her life, her comforts mine."
Tyrants have wept; and those with hearts of steel,
Unused the anguish of the heart to heal,
Have yet the transient power of virtue known,
And felt the imparted joy promote their own.
Our knight relenting, now befriends a youth,
Who to the yielding maid had vow'd his truth;
And finds in that fair deed a sacred joy,
That will not perish, and that cannot cloy;—
A living joy, that shall its spirit keep,
When every beauty fades, and all the passions sleep.

FICTION.

TIME have I lent—I would their debt were less—
To flow'ry pages of sublime distress;
And to the heroine's soul-distracting fears
I early gave my sixpences and tears:
Oft have I travell'd in these tender tales,
To *Darnley Cottages* and *Maple Vales*,
And watch'd the fair one from the first-born sigh,
When Henry pass'd and gazed in passing by;
Till I beheld them pacing in the park
Close by a coppice where 'twas cold and dark;
When such affection with such fate appear'd,
Want and a father to be shunn'd and fear'd,
Without employment, prospect, cot, or cash;
That I have judged th' heroic souls were rash.
Now shifts the scene,—the fair in tower confined,
In all things suffers but in change of mind;
Now woo'd by greatness to a bed of state,
Now deeply threaten'd with a dungeon's grate;
Till, suffering much, and being tried enough,
She shines, triumphant maid!—temptation-proof.
Then was I led to vengeful monks, who mix
With nymphs and swains, and play unpriestly tricks;
Then view'd banditti who in forest wide,
And cavern vast, indignant virgins hide;

Who, hemm'd with bands of sturdiest rogues about,
Find some strange succour, and come virgins out.
I've watch'd a wintry night on castle-walls,
I've stalk'd by moonlight through deserted halls,
And when the weary world was sunk to rest,
I've had such sights as—may not be express'd.
Lo ! that château, the western tower decay'd,
The peasants shun it,—they are all afraid ;
For there was done a deed !—could walls reveal,
Or timbers tell it, how the heart would feel !
Most horrid was it :—for, behold, the floor
Has stain of blood, and will be clean no more :
Hark to the winds ! which through the wide saloon
And the long passage send a dismal tune,—
Music that ghosts delight in ; and now heed
Yon beauteous nymph, who must unmask the deed ;
See ! with majestic sweep she swims alone,
Through rooms, all dreary, guided by a groan :
Though windows rattle, and though tap'stries shake,
And the feet falter every step they take,
'Mid moans and gibing sprights she silent goes,
To find a something, which will soon expose
The villanies and wiles of her determined foes :
And, having thus adventured, thus endured,
Fame, wealth, and lover, are for life secured.
Much have I fear'd, but am no more afraid,
When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betray'd,
Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
That she anticipates a dreadful deed :
Not so do I—Let solid walls impound

The captive fair, and dig a moat around ;
Let there be brazen locks and bars of steel,
And keepers cruel, such as never feel ;
With not a single note the purse supply,
And when she begs, let men and maids deny ;
Be windows those from which she dares not fall,
And help so distant, 'tis in vain to call ;
Still means of freedom will some power devise,
And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize.

To Northern Wales, in some sequester'd spot,
I've follow'd fair *Louisa* to her cot :
Where, then a wretched and deserted bride,
The injured fair one wish'd from man to hide ;
Till by her fond repenting Belville found,
By some kind chance—the straying of a hound,
He at her feet craved mercy, nor in vain,
For the relenting dove flew back again.

There's something rapturous in distress, or, oh !
Could *Clementina* bear her lot of woe ?
Or what she underwent could maiden undergo ?
The day was fix'd ; for so the lover sigh'd,
So knelt and craved, he couldn't be denied ;
When, tale most dreadful ! every hope adieu,—
For the fond lover is the brother too :
All other griefs abate ; this monstrous grief
Has no remission, comfort, or relief ;
Four ample volumes, through each page disclose,—
Good Heaven protect us ! only woes on woes ;
Till some strange means afford a sudden view
Of some strange plot, and every woe adieu !

NEWSPAPERS.

NOR here th' infectious rage for party stops,
But flits along from palaces to shops;
Our weekly journals o'er the land abound,
And spread their plague and influenzas round;
The village, too, the peaceful, pleasant plain,
Breeds the Whig farmer and the Tory swain;
Brookes' and St. Alban's boasts not, but, instead,
Stares the Red Ram, and swings the Rodney's Head:—
Hither, with all a patriot's care, comes he
Who owns the little hut that makes him free;
Whose yearly forty shillings buy the smile
Of mightier men, and never waste the while;
Who feels his freehold's worth, and looks elate,
A little prop and pillar of the state.
Here he delights the weekly news to con,
And mingle comments as he blunders on;
To swallow all their varying authors teach,
To spell a title, and confound a speech:
Till with a muddled mind he quits the news,
And claims his nation's license to abuse;
Then joins the cry, "That all the courtly race
Are venal candidates for power and place;"

Yet feels some joy, amid the general vice,
That his own vote will bring its wonted price.
These are the ills the teeming Press supplies,
The pois'nous springs from learning's fountain rise;
Not there alone the wise their entrance find,
Imparting useful light to mortals blind;
But, blind themselves, these erring guides hold out
Alluring lights to lead us far about;
Screen'd by such means, here Scandal whets her quill,
Here Slander shoots unseen, whene'er she will;
Here Fraud and Falsehood labour to deceive,
And Folly aids them both, impatient to believe.
Such, sons of Britain! are the guides ye trust!
So wise their counsel, their reports so just!—
Yet, though we cannot call their morals pure,
Their judgment nice, or their decisions sure,
Merit they have to mightier works unknown,
A style, a manner, and a fate their own.
We, who for longer fame with labour strive,
Are pain'd to keep our sickly works alive;
Studious we toil, with patient care refine,
Nor let our love protect one languid line.
Severe ourselves, at last our works appear,
When, ah! we find our readers more severe;
For, after all our care and pains, how few
Acquire applause, or keep it if they do!—
Not so these sheets, ordain'd to happier fate,
Praised through their day, and but that day their date.
Their careless authors only strive to join
As many words as make an even line;

As many lines as fill a row complete;
As many rows as furnish up a sheet:
From side to side, with ready types they run,
The measure's ended and the work is done.
Oh, born with ease, how envied and how blest!
Your fate to-day, and your to-morrow's rest.
To you all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book;
Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their News;
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek;
First, from each brother's hoard a part they draw,
A mutual theft that never fear'd a law;
Whate'er they gain, to each man's portion fall,
And read at once, you read it through them all;
For this their runners ramble day and night,
To drag each lurking deed to open light;
For daily bread the dirty trade they ply,
Coin their fresh tales, and live upon the lie:
Like bees for honey, forth for news they spring,—
Industrious creatures! ever on the wing;
Home to their several cells they bear the store,
Cull'd of all kinds, then roam abroad for more.
No anxious virgin flies to "fair Tweed-side;"
No injured husband mourns his faithless bride;
No duel dooms the fiery youth to bleed;
But through the town transpires each vent'rous deed.
And, where he reads of Lords and Commons, he
May tell their honours that he sells rappee.

PAINS AND PLEASURES OF STUDY.

HARK ! to that shout, that burst of empty noise,
From a rude set of bluff, obstreperous boys ;
They who, like colts let loose, with vigour bound,
And thoughtless spirit, o'er the beaten ground ;
Fearless they leap, and every youngster feels
His Alma active in his hands and heels.
These are the sons of farmers, and they come
With partial fondness for the joys of home ;
Their minds are coursing in their fathers' fields,
And e'en the dream a lively pleasure yields ;
They, much enduring, sit th' allotted hours,
And o'er a grammar waste their sprightly powers ;
They dance ; but them can measured steps delight,
Whom horse and hounds to daring deeds excite ?
Nor could they bear to wait from meal to meal,
Did they not slily to the chamber steal,
And there the produce of the basket seize,
The mother's gift ! still studious of their ease.
Poor Alma, thus oppress'd forbears to rise,
But rests or revels in the arms and thighs.*

* Should any of my readers find themselves at a loss in this place, I beg leave to refer them to a poem of Prior, called "Alma, or the Progress of the Mind."

"But is it sure that study will repay
The more attentive and forbearing?"—Nay!
The farm, the ship, the humble shop, have each
Gains which severest studies seldom reach.
At college place a youth, who means to raise
His state by merit and his name by praise;
Still much he hazards; there is serious strife
In the contentions of a scholar's life:
Not all the mind's attention, care, distress,
Nor diligence itself, insure success:
His jealous heart a rival's powers may dread,
Till its strong feelings have confused his head,
And, after days and months, nay, years of pain,
He finds just lost the object he would gain.
"But then from study will no comforts rise?"—
Yes? such as studious minds alone can prize;
Comforts, yea!—joys ineffable they find,
Who seek the prouder pleasures of the mind:
The soul, collected in those happy hours,
Then makes her efforts, then enjoys her powers;
And in those seasons feels herself repaid
For labours past, and honours long delay'd.
No! 'tis not worldly gain, although by chance
The sons of learning may to wealth advance;
Nor station high, though in some favouring hour
The sons of learning may arrive at power;
Nor is it glory, though the public voice
Of honest praise will make the heart rejoice:
But 'tis the mind's own feelings give the joy,
Pleasures she gathers in her own employ—

Pleasures that gain or praise cannot bestow,
Yet can dilate and raise them when they flow.
For this the poet looks the world around,
Where form and life and reasoning man are found ;
He loves the mind, in all its modes, to trace,
And all the manners of the changing race ;
Silent he walks the road of life along,
And views the aims of its tumultuous throng ;
He finds what shapes the Proteus passions take,
And what strange waste of life and joy they make,
And loves to show them in their varied ways,
With honest blame or with unflattering praise ;
'Tis good to know, 'tis pleasant to impart
These turns and movements of the human heart :
The stronger features of the soul to paint,
And make distinct the latent and the faint ;
MAN AS HE IS, to place in all men's view,
Yet none with rancour, none with scorn pursue :
Nor be it ever of my portraits told—
"Here the strong lines of malice we behold."

ROMANCE.

COME, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of ROMANCE.
  Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head:
Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round;
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes;
Lo! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate:—
"And who art thou, thou little page, unfold?
Say, doth my lord my Claribel withhold?
Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
The captive queen;—for Claribel is mine."
Away he flies; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds;
The giant falls; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys:—
Dukes, lords, and knights, in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love:—
She comes! she comes! in all the charms of youth,
Unequall'd love, and unsuspected truth!

Ah ! happy he who thus, in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitch'd in early rapture dreams,
Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And Fear and Ignorance afford delight.
But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys,
Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys ;
Too dearly bought : maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights—blue, green, and yellow—dead !
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew ;
E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again ;
And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
Fly Reason's power, and shun the light of Truth.
With Fiction then does real joy reside,
And is our reason the delusive guide?
Is it then right to dream the sirens sing?
Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing ?
No ; 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
That makes th' imagined paradise its own ;
Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes :
The tear and smile, that once together rose,
Are then divorced ; the head and heart are foes :
Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan,
And Pain and Prudence make and mar the man.

HOBBIES.

NOR these alone possess the lenient power
Of soothing life in the desponding hour ;
Some favourite studies, some delightful care,
The mind with trouble and distresses share ;
And by a coin, a flower, a verse, a boat,
The stagnant spirits have been set afloat ;
They pleased at first, and then the habit grew,
Till the fond heart no higher pleasure knew ;
Till, from all cares and other comforts freed,
Th' important nothing took in life the lead.
With all his phlegm, it broke a Dutchman's heart,
At a vast price, with one loved root to part ;
And toys like these fill many a British mind,
Although their hearts are found of firmer kind.
Oft have I smiled the happy pride to see
Of humble tradesmen, in their evening glee ;
When of some pleasing fancied good possess'd,
Each grew alert, was busy, and was blest :
Whether the call-bird yield the hour's delight,
Or, magnified in microscope, the mite ;
Or whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize

The gentle mind, they rule it, and they please.
There is my friend the Weaver: strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires;
See! to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the raptures of the day—
Eager he looks; and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower, by nature form'd, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies;
Who broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep.
Above the sovereign oak, a sovereign skims,
The purple Emp'ror, strong in wing and limbs:
There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and Paphia silver-queen;
With every filmy fly from mead or bower,
And hungry Sphinx who threads the honey'd flower;
She o'er the larkspurs' bed, where sweets abound,
Views every bell, and hums th' approving sound,
Poised on her busy plumes, with feeling nice
She draws from every flower, nor tries a floret twice.
He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame,
His is untax'd and undisputed game:
Nor less the place of curious plant he knows;
He both his Flora and his Fauna shows;
For him is blooming in its rich array
The glorious flower which bore the palm away;
In vain a rival tried his utmost art,
His was the prize, and joy o'erflow'd his heart.
"This, this! is beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes

On this my glory ! see the grace ! the size !
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion long !
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between :
This is no shaded, run-off, pin-eyed thing ;
A king of flowers, a flower for England's king :
I own my pride, and thank the favouring star
Which shed such beauty on my fair Bizarre."
Thus may the poor the cheap indulgence seize,
While the most wealthy pine and pray for ease :
Content not always waits upon success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.

VILLAGE LIFE.

THE Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the Muse can give no more.

. . . . . .

I grant, indeed, that fields and flocks have charms
For him that grazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts:—
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?
No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;

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By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As Truth will paint it and as bards will not:
Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighb'ring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And the sad splendour vainly shines around;
. . . . . .
Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child that languishes with wealth?

Go then! and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves as thine excess to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field:
Till long contending Nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share!
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely not wholesome, plain not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.

Ye gentle souls who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet
please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire;
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand!
Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts,—due respect and ease;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except his own engage;
Who, propp'd on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.
Oft may you see him when he tends the sheep,

His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep:
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, roused by rage, and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:—
"Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipp'd by the frost and shivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.
"These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:
Wants of their own demand their care; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid."
Thus groan the old, till by disease oppress'd,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

HOME SCENES.

THE Poor Man has his Club: he comes and spends
His hoarded pittance with his chosen friends;
Nor this alone,—a monthly dole he pays,
To be assisted when his health decays;
Some part his prudence, from the day's supply,
For cares and troubles in his age, lays by;
The printed rules he guards with painted frame,
And shows his children where to read his name:
Those simple words his honest nature move,
That bond of union tied by laws of love;
This is his pride, it gives to his employ
New value, to his home another joy;
While a religious hope its balm applies
For all his fate inflicts, and all his state denies.
  Much would it please you sometimes to explore
The peaceful dwellings of our Borough poor;
To view a sailor just return'd from sea,
His wife beside; a child on either knee,
And others crowding near, that none may lose
The smallest portion of the welcome news;
What dangers pass'd, "when seas ran mountains high,

When tempests raved, and horrors veil'd the sky ;
When prudence fail'd, when courage grew dismay'd,
When the strong fainted, and the wicked pray'd,—
Then in the yawning gulf far down we drove,
And gazed upon the billowy mount above ;
Till up that mountain, swinging with the gale,
We view'd the horrors of the watery vale."
The trembling children look with steadfast eyes,
And, panting, sob involuntary sighs ;
Soft sleep awhile his torpid touch delays,
And all is joy and piety and praise.

ABODES OF THE POOR.

FAREWELL to these: but all our poor to know,
Let's seek the winding Lane, the narrow Row,
Suburban prospects, where the traveller stops
To see the sloping tenement on props,
With building-yards immix'd, and humble sheds
and shops;
Where the Cross-keys and Plumbers' Arms invite
Laborious men to taste their coarse delight;
Where the low porches, stretching from the door,
Gave some distinction in the days of yore,
Yet now neglected, more offend the eye,
By gloom and ruin, than the cottage by:
Places like these the noblest town endures,
The gayest palace has its sinks and sewers.
Here is no pavement, no inviting shop,
To give us shelter when compell'd to stop;
But plashy puddles stand along the way,
Fill'd by the rain of one tempestuous day;
And these so closely to the buildings run,
That you must ford them, for you cannot shun;
Though here and there convenient bricks are laid,

And door-side heaps afford their dubious aid.
Lo! yonder shed; observe its garden-ground,
With the low paling, form'd of wreck, around:
There dwells a fisher; if you view his boat,
With bed and barrel—'tis his house afloat;
Look at his house, where ropes, nets, blocks, abound,
Tar, pitch, and oakum—'tis his boat aground:
That space inclosed, but little he regards,
Spread o'er with relics of masts, sails, and yards:
Fish by the wall, on spit of elder, rest,
Of all his food, the cheapest and the best,
By his own labour caught, for his own hunger dress'd.
Here our reformers come not; none object
To paths polluted, or upbraid neglect;
None care that ashy heaps at doors are cast,
That coal-dust flies along the blinding blast:
None heed the stagnant pools on either side,
Where new-launch'd ships of infant sailors ride:
Rodneys in rags here British valour boast,
And lisping Nelsons fright the Gallic coast.
They fix the rudder, set the swelling sail,
They point the bowsprit, and they blow the gale:
True to her port, the frigate scuds away,
And o'er that frowning ocean finds her bay:
Her owner rigg'd her, and he knows her worth,
And sees her, fearless, gunwale-deep go forth;
Dreadless he views his sea, by breezes curl'd,
When inch-high billows vex the watery world.

There, fed by food they love, to rankest size,
Around the dwellings docks and wormwood rise;
Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit:
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencill'd flower of sickly scent is seen;
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;
Above (the growth of many a year) is spread
The yellow level of the stone-crop's bed:
In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below;
These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of the town.

Say, wilt thou more of scenes so sordid know?
Then will I lead thee down the dusty Row;
By the warm alley and the long close lane,—
There mark the fractured door and paper'd pane,
Where flags the noon-tide air, and, as we pass,
We fear to breathe the putrefying mass:
But fearless yonder matron; she disdains
To sigh for zephyrs from ambrosial plains;
But mends her meshes torn, and pours her lay
All in the stifling fervour of the day.

Her naked children round the alley run,
And roll'd in dust, are bronzed beneath the sun,
Or gambol round the dame, who, loosely dress'd,
Woos the coy breeze to fan the open breast:
She, once a handmaid, strove by decent art
To charm her sailor's eye and touch his heart;

Her bosom then was veil'd in kerchief clean,
And fancy left to form the charms unseen.
But when a wife, she lost her former care,
Nor thought on charms, nor time for dress could spare;
Careless she found her friends who dwelt beside,
No rival beauty kept alive her pride:
Still in her bosom Virtue keeps her place,
But decency is gone, the virtues' guard and grace

A SAILOR'S HOME.

NEAR these a sailor, in that hut of thatch
(A fish-boat's cabin is its nearest match),
Dwells, and the dungeon is to him a seat,
Large as he wishes—in his view complete:
A lockless coffer and a lidless hutch,
That hold his stores, have room for twice as much:
His one spare shirt, long glass, and iron box,
Lie all in view; no need has he for locks:
Here he abides, and, as our strangers pass,
He shows the shipping, he presents the glass;
He makes (unask'd) their ports and business known,
And (kindly heard) turns quickly to his own,
Of noble captains, heroes every one,—
You might as soon have made the steeple run;
And then his messmates, if you're pleased to stay,
He'll one by one the gallant souls display,
And as the story verges to an end,
He'll wind from deed to deed, from friend to friend;
He'll speak of those long lost, the brave of old,
As princes gen'rous, and as heroes bold;
Then will his feelings rise, till you may trace

Gloom, like a cloud, frown o'er his manly face,—
And then a tear or two, which sting his pride;
These he will dash indignantly aside,
And splice his tale;—now take him from his cot,
And for some cleaner berth exchange his lot,
How will he all that cruel aid deplore?
His heart will break, and he will fight no more.

THE GENERAL DOOM.

ALONG the wall, returning from the town,
The weary rustic homeward wanders down :
Who stops and gazes at such joyous crew,
And feels his envy rising at the view ;
He the light speech and laugh indignant hears,
And feels more press'd by want, more vex'd by fears.
Ah ! go in peace, good fellow, to thine home,
Nor fancy these escape the general doom :
Gay as they seem, be sure with them are hearts
With sorrow tried ; there's sadness in their parts :
If thou couldst see them when they think alone,
Mirth, music, friends, and these amusements gone ;
Couldst thou discover every secret ill
That pains their spirit, or resists their will ;
Couldst thou behold forsaken Love's distress,
Or Envy's pang at glory and success,
Or Beauty, conscious of the spoils of Time,
Or Guilt alarm'd when Memory shows the crime ;
All that gives sorrow, terror, grief, and gloom ;
Content would cheer thee trudging to thine home.

ADULATION.

AND now, of all the heart approved, possess'd,
Fear'd, favour'd, follow'd, dreaded, and caress'd,
He gently yields to one mellifluous joy,
The only sweet that is not found to cloy,
Bland adulation !—other pleasures pall
On the sick taste, and transient are they all ;
But this one sweet hath such enchanting power,
The more we take, the faster we devour :
Nauseous to those who must the dose apply,
And most disgusting to the standers by ;
Yet in all companies will Laughton feed,
Nor care how grossly men perform the deed.
As gapes the nursling, or, what comes more near,
Some Friendly-Island chief, for hourly cheer ;
When wives and slaves, attending round his seat,
Prepare by turns the masticated meat :
So for this master, husband, parent, friend,
His ready slaves their various efforts blend,
And, to their lord still eagerly inclined,
Pour the crude trash of a dependent mind.

ROBES AND TITLES.

MEN are not equal, and 'tis meet and right
That robes and titles our respect excite ;
Order requires it ; 'tis by vulgar pride
That such regard is censured and denied ;
Or by that false enthusiastic zeal,
That thinks the Spirit will the priest reveal,
And show to all men, by their powerful speech,
Who are appointed and inspired to teach :
Alas ! could we the dangerous rule believe,
Whom for their teacher should the crowd receive ?
Since all the varying kinds demand respect,
All press you on to join their chosen sect,
Although but in this single point agreed,
"Desert your churches, and adopt our creed."
We know full well how much our forms offend
The burthen'd Papist and the simple Friend :
Him, who new robes for every service takes,
And who in drab and beaver sighs and shakes ;
He on the priest, whom hood and band adorn,
Looks with the sleepy eye of silent scorn ;
But him I would not for my friend and guide,
Who views such things with spleen, or wears with pride.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

SEE next our several sects,—but first behold
The Church of Rome, who here is poor and old :
Use not triumphant raill'ry, or, at least,
Let not thy mother be a whore and beast ;
Great was her pride indeed in ancient times,
Yet shall we think of nothing but her crimes?
Exalted high above all earthly things,
She placed her foot upon the neck of kings :
But some have deeply since avenged the crown,
And thrown her glory and her honours down ;
Nor neck nor ear can she of kings command,
Nor place a foot upon her own fair land.
  Among her sons, with us a quiet few,
Obscure themselves, her ancient state review,
And fond and melancholy glances cast
On power insulted, and on triumph past :
They look, they can but look, with many a sigh,
On sacred buildings doom'd in dust to lie ;
"On seats," they tell, "where priests 'mid tapers dim
Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the midnight
    hymn ;

Where trembling penitents their guilt confess'd,
Where want had succour, and contrition rest;
There weary men from trouble found relief,
There men in sorrow found repose from grief.
To scenes like these the fainting soul retired;
Revenge and anger in these cells expired;
By Pity soothed, Remorse lost half her fears,
And soften'd Pride dropp'd penitential tears.

"Then convent walls and nunnery spires arose,
In pleasant spots which monk or abbot chose;
When counts and barons saints devoted fed,
And making cheap exchange, had prayer for bread.

"Now all is lost, the earth where abbeys stood
Is layman's land, the glebe, the stream, the wood:
His oxen low where monks retired to eat,
His cows repose upon the prior's seat:
And wanton doves within the cloisters bill,
Where the chaste votary warr'd with wanton will."

Such is the change they mourn, but they restrain
The rage of grief, and passively complain.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

MINUTELY trace man's life; year after year,
Through all his days let all his deeds appear,
And then, though some may in that life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change:
The links that bind those various deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left between.

But let these binding links be all destroy'd,
All that through years he suffer'd or enjoy'd,
Let that vast gap be made, and then behold—
This was the youth, and he is thus when old;
Then we at once the work of time survey,
And in an instant see a life's decay;
Pain mix'd with pity in our bosoms rise,
And sorrow takes new sadness from surprise.

THE AUTHOR'S AIM.

THIS let me hope, that when in public view
I bring my pictures, men may feel them true :
"This is a likeness," may they all declare,
"And I have seen him, but I know not where :"
For I should mourn the mischief I had done,
If as the likeness all would fix on one.

THE CONDEMNED.

FAREWELL to these; but other scenes I view,
And other griefs, and guilt of deeper hue;
Where Conscience gives to outward ills her pain,
Gloom to the night, and pressure to the chain:
Here separate cells awhile in misery keep
Two doom'd to suffer; there they strive for sleep;
By day indulged, in larger space they range,
Their bondage certain, but their bounds have change.

One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoy'd it still:
With death before her, and her fate in view,
Unsated vengeance in her bosom grew:
Sullen she was and threat'ning; in her eye
Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die:
But first a being in the world must leave—
'Twas once reproach; 'twas now a short reprieve.

She was a pauper bound, who early gave
Her mind to vice, and doubly was a slave:
Upbraided, beaten, held by rough control,
Revenge sustain'd, inspired, and fill'd her soul:

She fired a full-stored barn, confess'd the fact,
And laugh'd at law and justified the act:
Our gentle vicar tried his powers in vain,
She answer'd not, or answer'd with disdain;
Th' approaching fate she heard without a sigh,
And neither cared to live nor fear'd to die.

Not so he felt, who with her was to pay
The forfeit, life—with dread he view'd the day,
And that short space which yet for him remain'd,
Till with his limbs his faculties were chain'd:
He placed his narrow bounds some ease to find,
But found it not,—no comfort reach'd his mind:
Each sense was palsied; when he tasted food.
He sigh'd and said, "Enough—'tis very good."
Since his dread sentence, nothing seem'd to be
As once it was—he seeing could not see,
Nor hearing, hear aright;—when first I came
Within his view, I fancied there was shame,
I judged resentment; I mistook the air,—
These fainter passions live not with despair;
Or but exist and die:—Hope, fear, and love,
Joy, doubt, and hate, may other spirits move,
But touch not his, who every waking hour
Has one fix'd dread, and always feels its power.

"But will not Mercy?"—No! she cannot plead
For such an outrage;—'twas a cruel deed:
He stopp'd a timid traveller;—to his breast,
With oaths and curses, was the dagger press'd:—
No! he must suffer: pity we may find
For one man's pangs, but must not wrong mankind.

Still I behold him, every thought employ'd
On one dire view !—all others are destroy'd ;
This makes his features ghastly, gives the tone
Of his few words resemblance to a groan ;
He takes his tasteless food, and when 'tis done,
Counts up his meals, now lessen'd by that one ;
For expectation is on Time intent,
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.

Yes ! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain.
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain ;
He sees the judge and jury, when he shakes,
And loudly cries "Not guilty," and awakes :
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compell'd to sleep.

Now comes the dream again : it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede ;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them :
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be :
A priest attends—it seems, the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight,
He sees his native village with delight ;
The house, the chamber, where he once array'd
His youthful person ; where he knelt and pray'd :
Then too the comforts he enjoy'd at home,
The days of joy ; the joys themselves are come ;—

The hours of innocence ;—the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,
And told his hope ; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve and his retreating fears.
All now is present ;—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream !
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.
Yes ! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile :
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield ;—No ! never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind :
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue :
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer and more gently glows ;—
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane,—then linger in the mead,—
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,—
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum ;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay !—

The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run—
The ships at distance and the boats at hand ;
And now they walk upon the seaside sand,
Counting the number and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea :
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glitt'ring waters on the shingles roll'd :
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below ;
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by :
Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour-fire,—
Tokens of bliss !—" Oh ! horrible ! a wave
Roars as it rises—save me, Edward ! save ! "
She cries ;—Alas ! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day !

IN FETTERS.

BUT *Leonard!*—yes, for Leonard's fate I grieve,
Who loathes the station which he dares not leave:
He cannot dig, he will not beg his bread,
All his dependence rests upon his head;
And deeply skill'd in sciences and arts,
On vulgar lads he wastes superior parts.
  Alas! what grief that feeling mind sustains,
In guiding hands and stirring torpid brains;
He whose proud mind from pole to pole will move,
And view the wonders of the worlds above;
Who thinks and reasons strongly:—hard his fate,
Confined for ever to the pen and slate:
True, he submits, and when the long dull day
Has slowly pass'd, in weary tasks, away,
To other worlds with cheerful view he looks,
And parts the night between repose and books.
  Amid his labours, he has sometimes tried
To turn a little from his cares aside;
Pope, Milton, Dryden, with delight has seized,
His soul engaged, and of his trouble eased;
When, with a heavy eye and ill-done sum,

No part conceived, a stupid boy will come;
Then Leonard first subdues the rising frown,
And bids the blockhead lay his blunders down;
O'er which disgusted he will turn his eye;
To his sad duty his sound mind apply,
And, vex'd in spirit, throw his pleasures by.

THE TYRANT OF THE SCHOOL.

THE day-tasks now are over—to their ground
Rush the gay crowd with joy-compelling sound;
Glad to elude the burthens of the day,
The eager parties hurry to their play:
Then, in these hours of liberty, we find
The native bias of the opening mind;
They yet possess not skill the mask to place,
And hide the passions glowing in the face;
Yet some are found—the close, the sly, the mean,
Who know already all must not be seen.
  Lo! one who walks apart, although so young,
He lays restraint upon his eye and tongue,
Nor will he into scrapes or dangers get,
And half the school are in the stripling's debt:
Suspicious, timid, he is much afraid
Of trick and plot;—he dreads to be betray'd:
He shuns all friendship, for he finds they lend,
When lads begin to call each other friend:
Yet self with self has war; the tempting sight
Of fruit on sale provokes his appetite;—
See! how he walks the sweet seduction by;

That he is tempted, costs him first a sigh,—
'Tis dangerous to indulge, 'tis grievous to deny!
This he will choose, and whispering asks the price,—
The purchase dreadful, but the portion nice:
Within the pocket he explores the pence;
Without, temptation strikes on either sense,—
The sight, the smell;—but then he thinks again
Of money gone! while fruit nor taste remain.
Meantime there comes an eager thoughtless boy,
Who gives the price and only feels the joy:
Example dire! the youthful miser stops
And slowly back the treasured coinage drops:
Heroic deed! for should he now comply,
Can he to-morrow's appetite deny?
Beside, these spendthrifts who so freely live,
Cloy'd with their purchase, will a portion give:—
Here ends debate, he buttons up his store,
And feels the comfort that it burns no more.
  Unlike to him the Tyrant-boy, whose sway
All hearts acknowledge; him the crowds obey:
At his command they break through every rule;
Whoever governs, he controls the school:
'Tis not the distant emperor moves their fear,
But the proud viceroy who is ever near.
  Verres could do that mischief in a day,
For which not Rome, in all its power, could pay;
And these boy-tyrants will their slaves distress,
And do the wrongs no master can redress:
The mind they load with fear; it feels disdain
For its own baseness; yet it tries in vain

To shake th' admitted power:—the coward comes
again:
'Tis more than present pain these tyrants give,
Long as we've life, some strong impressions live;
And these young ruffians in the soul will sow
Seeds of all vices that on weakness grow.
Hark! at his word the trembling younglings flee,—
Where he is walking none must walk but he;
See! from the winter fire the weak retreat,
His the warm corner, his the favourite seat,
Save when he yields it to some slave to keep
Awhile, then back, at his return, to creep:
At his command his poor dependents fly,
And humbly bribe him as a proud ally;
Flatter'd by all, the notice he bestows,
In gross abuse, and bantering and blows;
Yet he's a dunce, and, spite of all his fame
Without the desk, within he feels his shame:
For there the weaker boy, who felt his scorn,
For him corrects the blunders of the morn;
And he is taught, unpleasant truth! to find
The trembling body has the prouder mind.

LAWYERS.

ONE man of law in George the Second's reign
Was all our frugal fathers would maintain;
He too was kept for forms, a man of peace,
To frame a contract, or to draw a lease:
He had a clerk, with whom he used to write
All the day long, with whom he drank at night;
Spare was his visage, moderate his bill,
And he so kind, men doubted of his skill.

Who thinks of this, with some amazement sees,
For one so poor, three flourishing at ease;
Nay, one in splendour! see that mansion tall,
That lofty door, the far-resounding hall;
Well-furnish'd rooms, plate shining on the board,
Gay liveried lads, and cellar proudly stored:
Then say how comes it that such fortunes crown
These sons of strife, these terrors of the town?

Lo, that small office! there th' incautious guest
Goes blindfold in, and that maintains the rest;
There in his web, th' observant spider lies,
And peers about for fat intruding flies;
Doubtful at first he hears the distant hum,

And feels them fluttering as they nearer come ;
They buzz and blink, and doubtfully they tread
On the strong birdlime of the utmost thread ;
But when they're once entangled by the gin,
With what an eager clasp he draws them in ;
Nor shall they 'scape, till after long delay,
And all that sweetens life is drawn away.
"Nay, this," you cry, "is commonplace, the tale
Of petty tradesmen o'er their evening ale ;
There are who, living by the legal pen,
Are held in honour,—'honourable men.'"
Doubtless—there are who hold manorial courts,
Or whom the trust of powerful friends supports ;
Or who, by labouring through a length of time,
Have pick'd their way, unsullied by a crime.
These are the few : in this, in every place,
Fix the litigious rupture-stirring race ;
Who to contention as to trade are led,
To whom dispute and strife are bliss and bread.
There is a doubtful pauper, and we think
'Tis not with us to give him meat and drink ;
There is a little child ; and 'tis not mighty clear
Whether the mother lived with us a year :
A road's indicted, and our seniors doubt
If in our proper boundary or without :
But what says our attorney? He, our friend,
Tells us 'tis just and manly to contend.
"What! to a neighbouring parish yield your cause,
While you have money, and the nation laws?

What ! lose without a trial, that which, tried,
May—nay it must—be given on our side ?
All men of spirit would contend ; such men
Than lose a pound would rather hazard ten.
What ! be imposed on ? No ! a British soul
Despises imposition, hates control :
The law is open ; let them, if they dare,
Support their cause ; the Borough need not spare.
All I advise is vigour and good will :
Is it agreed then—Shall I file a bill ?"

THE ALMSHOUSE.

LEAVE now our streets, and in yon plain behold
Those pleasant seats for the reduced and old;
A merchant's gift, whose wife and children died,
When he to saving all his powers applied;
He wore his coat till bare was every thread,
And with the meanest fare his body fed.
He had a female cousin who with care
Walk'd in his steps, and learn'd of him to spare;
With emulation and success they strove
Improving still, still seeking to improve
As if that useful knowledge they would gain—
How little food would human life sustain:
No pauper came their table's crumbs to crave;
Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they gave:
When beggars saw the frugal merchant pass,
It moved their pity, and they said, "Alas!
Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they felt
A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt.
The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the poor,
Bark'd him away from every decent door;
While they who saw him bare, but thought him rich,

To show respect or scorn, they knew not which.
But while our merchant seem'd so base and mean,
He had his wanderings, sometimes "not unseen;"
To give in secret was a favourite act,
Yet more than once they took him in the fact.
To scenes of various woe he nightly went,
And serious sums in healing misery spent;
Oft has he cheer'd the wretched at a rate
For which he daily might have dined on plate;
He has been seen, his hair all silver white,
Shaking and shining—as he stole by night,
To feed unenvied on his still delight.
A twofold taste he had; to give and spare,
Both were his duties, and had equal care;
It was his joy to sit alone and fast,
Then send a widow and her boys repast:
Tears in his eyes would spite of him appear,
But he from other eyes has kept the tear:
All in a wintry night from far he came,
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame,
Whose husband robb'd him, and to whom he meant
A ling'ring, but reforming punishment:
Home then he walk'd, and found his anger rise,
When fire and rushlight met his troubled eyes;
But these extinguish'd, and his prayer address'd
To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to rest.
His seventieth year was past, and then was seen
A building rising on the northern green;
There was no blinding all his neighbours' eyes,
Or surely no one would have seen it rise;

Twelve rooms contiguous stood, and six were near,
There men were placed, and sober matrons here:
There were behind small useful gardens made,
Benches before, and trees to give them shade;
In the first room were seen above, below,
Some marks of taste, a few attempts at show.
The founder's picture and his arms were there
(Not till he left us), and an elbow'd chair;
There, 'mid these signs of his superior place,
Sat the mild ruler of this humble race.

Within the row are men who strove in vain,
Through years of trouble, wealth and ease to gain;
Less must they have than an appointed sum,
And freemen been, or hither must not come;
They should be decent, and command respect,
(Though needing fortune), whom these doors protect,
And should for thirty dismal years have tried
For peace unfelt and competence denied.

Strange! that o'er men thus train'd in sorrow's school,
Power must be held, and they must live by rule;
Infirm, corrected by misfortunes, old,
Their habits settled and their passions cold;
Of health, wealth, power, and worldly cares bereft,
Still must they not at liberty be left;
There must be one to rule them, to restrain
And guide the movements of his erring train.

If then control imperious, check severe,
Be needed where such reverend men appear;
To what would youth, without such checks, aspire,

Free the wild wish, uncurb'd the strong desire?
And where (in college or in camp) they found
The heart ungovern'd and the hand unbound?
His house endow'd, the generous man resign'd
All power to rule, nay, power of choice declined;
He and the female saint survived to view
Their work complete, and bade the world adieu!

STROLLING PLAYERS.

DRAWN by the annual call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, heroes known of old,
And those, since last they march'd, enlisted and
enroll'd :
Mounted on hacks or borne in waggons some,
The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
Three favour'd places, an unequal time,
Join to support this company sublime :
Ours for the longer period—see how light
Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allow'd, and friendship glads
the night.
Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
And private lodgings hear how heroes shine ;
No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal ;
While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
Shall be described the fortunes of the year.
Peruse these bills, and see what each can do,—
Behold ! the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew ;
Change but the garment, and they'll all engage

To take each part, and act in every age:
Cull'd from all houses, what a house are they!
Swept from all barns, our Borough-critics say;
But with some portion of a critic's ire,
We all endure them; there are some admire;
They might have praise confined to farce alone;
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan;
But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
Love all that rant and rapture as their lives:
He who Squire Richard's part could well sustain,
Finds as King Richard he must roar amain—
"My horse! my horse!"—Lo! now to their abodes,
Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
The master-mover of these scenes has made
No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
Arms out of use and undirected eyes;
These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
And vends each night the manufactured man:
Long as our custom lasts they gladly stay,
Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!
The place grows bare where they too long remain,
But grass will rise ere they return again.
Children of Thespes, welcome! knights and queens!
Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
And mighty monarchs thund'ring from your throne;
Then step behind, and all your glory's gone:

Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
The pomp is vanish'd and the care is left.
Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
When the full house secures the plenteous meal;
Flatt'ring and flatter'd, each attempts to raise
A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
For never hero shows a prouder heart,
Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
Nor without cause; the boards, we know, can yield
Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.
Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
The prince we honour, and the knave we spurn;
Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
These are their parts,—and he who these sustains,
Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.
Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depress'd,
Your days all pass'd in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warn'd by misery, not enrich'd by gain:
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain

Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,
Distress and hope—the mind's the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.
  Slaves though ye be, your wand'ring freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless schemes,
Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.
  Yet keen those griefs—ah! what avail thy charms,
Fair Juliet! with that infant in thine arms;
What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
What all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain
With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?
  Nor is there lack of labour—To rehearse,
Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night;
To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
The mind to think on the appointed course;—
This is laborious, and may be defined
The bootless labour of the thriftless mind.
  There is a veteran dame: I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart;
Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne;
To-night a queen—I mark her motion slow,

I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.
Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigour lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labours to display;
And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
When struggles more and more severe are seen,
In the plain actress than the Danish queen,—
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night;
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach.
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies:
Then to her task she sighing turns again—
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"
And who that poor, consumptive, wither'd thing,
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
Laugh'd off at night the labours of the day;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister-converse pass'd the evening hours;
But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong:
The morning call and counter were her dread,

And her contempt the needle and the thread ;
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish ! she had them all by heart.
At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spake of love till sigh re-echo'd sigh ;
He told in honey'd words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became ;
Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
Alfonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond :
And thus the simple girl, to shame betray'd,
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismay'd.
Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her ! the grief and scandal of the troop ;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied ;
Her humble talents, though derided, used ;
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused ;
All that remains—for she not long can brave
Increase of evils—is an early grave.
Ye gentle Cynthias of the shop, take heed
What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read !

SUCCESS.

WALTER, meantime, with all his wealth's increase,
Gained many points, but could not purchase peace;
When he withdrew from business for an hour,
Some fled his presence, all confess'd his power;
He sought affection, but received instead
Fear undisguised, and love-repelling dread!
He look'd around him—"Harriet, dost thou love?"
"I do my duty," said the timid dove;
"Good Heav'n, your duty! prithee, tell me now—
To love and honour—was not that your vow?
Come, my good Harriet, I would gladly seek
Your inmost thought—Why can't the woman speak?
Have you not all things?"—"Sir, do I complain?"
"No, that's my part, which I perform in vain;
I want a simple answer and direct—
But you evade; yes! 'tis as I suspect.
Come then, my children! Watt! upon your knees,
Vow that you love me."—"Yes, sir, if you please."
"Again! By Heav'n, it mads me; I require
Love, and they'll do whatever I desire:
Thus, too, my people shun me; I would spend

A thousand pounds to get a single friend;
I would be happy, I have means to pay
For love and friendship, and you run away:
Ungrateful creatures! why, you seem to dread
My very looks; I know you wish me dead.
Come hither, Nancy! you must hold me dear;
Hither, I say; why! what have you to fear?
You see I'm gentle—Come, you trifler, come:
My God! she trembles!—Idiot, leave the room!
Madam; your children hate me; I suppose
They know their cue; you make them all my foes
I've not a friend in all the world—not one:
I'd be a bankrupt sooner; nay, 'tis done;
In every better hope of life I fail,
You're all tormentors, and my house a jail.
Out of my sight! I'll sit and make my will—
What, glad to go? stay, devils, and be still;
'Tis to your uncle's cot you wish to run,
To learn to live at ease and be undone;
Him you can love, who lost his whole estate,
And I, who gain you fortunes, have your hate;
'Tis in my absence you yourselves enjoy:
Tom! are you glad to lose me? tell me, boy;
Yes! does he answer?—Yes! upon my soul;
No awe, no fear, no duty, no control!
Away! away! ten thousand devils seize
All I possess, and plunder where they please!
What's wealth to me?—yes, yes! it gives me sway,
And you shall feel it—Go! begone, I say."

A QUACK.

ERE for the world's I left the cares of school,
One I remember who assumed the fool;
A part well suited—when the idler boys
Would shout around him, and he loved the noise:
They call'd him Neddy:—Neddy had the art
To play with skill his ignominious part;
When he his trifles would for sale display,
And act the mimic for a schoolboy's pay.
For many years he plied his humble trade,
And used his tricks and talents to persuade;
The fellow barely read, but chanced to look
Among the fragments of a tatter'd book;
Where, after many efforts made to spell
One puzzling word, he found it *oxymel;*
A potent thing, 'twas said to cure the ills
Of ailing lungs—the *oxymel of squills:*
Squills he procured, but found the bitter strong
And most unpleasant; none would take it long;
But the pure acid and the sweet would make
A med'cine numbers would for pleasure take.
There was a fellow near, an artful knave,

Who knew the plan, and much assistance gave ;
He wrote the puffs, and every talent plied
To make it sell : it sold, and then he died.
  Now all the profit fell to Ned's control,
And Pride and Avarice quarrell'd for his soul ;
When mighty profits by the trash were made,
Pride built a palace, Avarice groan'd and paid ;
Pride placed the signs of grandeur all about,
And Avarice barr'd his friends and children out.
  Now see him Doctor ! yes, the idle fool,
The butt, the robber of the lads at school ;
Who then knew nothing, nothing since acquired,
Became a doctor, honour'd and admired ;
His dress, his frown, his dignity were such,
Some who had known him thought his knowledge much ;
Nay, men of skill, of apprehension quick,
Spite of their knowledge, trusted him when sick ;
Though he could neither reason, write, nor spell,
They yet had hope his trash would make them well ;
And while they scorn'd his parts, they took his oxymel.
  Oh ! when his nerves had once received a shock,
Sir Isaac Newton might have gone to Rock :*
Hence impositions of the grossest kind,
Hence thought is feeble, understanding blind ;
Hence sums enormous by those cheats are made,
And deaths unnumber'd by their dreadful trade.

* An empiric who flourished at the same time with this great man.

A BROTHER'S REMORSE.

A SECOND friend we have, whose care and zeal
But few can equal—few indeed can feel;
He lived a life obscure, and profits made
In the coarse habits of a vulgar trade.
His brother, master of a hoy, he loved
So well, that he the calling disapproved:
"Alas! poor Tom!" the landman oft would sigh
When the gale freshen'd and the waves ran high;
And when they parted, with a tear he'd say,
"No more adventure!—here in safety stay."
Nor did he feign; with more than half he had
He would have kept the seaman, and been glad.
  Alas! how few resist, when strongly tried—
A rich relation's nearer kinsman died;
He sicken'd, and to him the landman went,
And all his hours with cousin Ephraim spent.
This Thomas heard, and cared not: "I," quoth he,
"Have one in port upon the watch for me."
So Ephraim died, and when the will was shown,
Isaac, the landman, had the whole his own:
Who to his brother sent a moderate purse,

Which he return'd in anger, with his curse;
Then went to sea, and made his grog so strong,
He died before he could forgive the wrong.

The rich man built a house, both large and high,
He enter'd in and set him down to sigh;
He planted ample woods and gardens fair,
And walk'd with anguish and compunction there;
The rich man's pines, to every friend a treat,
He saw with pain, and he refused to eat;
His daintiest food, his richest wines, were all
Turned by remorse to vinegar and gall:
The softest down by living body press'd,
The rich man bought, and tried to take his rest;
Bat care had thorns upon his pillow spread,
And scatter'd sand and nettles in his bed:
Nervous he grew,—would often sigh and groan,
He talk'd but little, and he walk'd alone;
Till by his priest convinced, that from one deed
Of genuine love would joy and health proceed,
He from that time with care and zeal began
To seek and soothe the grievous ills of man;
And as his hands their aid to grief apply,
He learns to smile and he forgets to sigh.

Now he can drink his wine and taste his food,
And feel the blessings Heaven has dealt are good;
And, since the suffering seek the rich man's door,
He sleeps as soundly as when young and poor.

Here much he gives—is urgent more to gain;
He begs—rich beggars seldom sue in vain:
Preachers most famed he moves, the crowd to move,

And never wearies in the work of love :
He rules all business, settles all affairs ;
He makes collections, he directs repairs ;
And if he wrong'd one brother,—Heaven forgive
The man by whom so many brethren live !

A BROKEN-DOWN MERCHANT.

HERE is the poor old merchant: he declined,
And, as they say, is not in perfect mind;
In his poor house, with one poor maiden friend,
Quietly he paces to his journey's end.
Rich in his youth, he traded and he fail'd;
Again he tried, again his fate prevail'd;
His spirits low, and his exertions small,
He fell perforce,—he seem'd decreed to fall:
Like the gay knight, unapt to rise was he,
But downward sank with sad alacrity.
A borough place we gain'd him—in disgrace,
For gross neglect, he quickly lost the place;
But still he kept a kind of sullen pride,
Striving his wants to hinder or to hide;
At length, compell'd by very need, in grief
He wrote a proud petition for relief.

"He did suppose a fall, like his, would prove
Of force to wake their sympathy and love;
Would make them feel the changes all may know,
And stir them up a due regard to show."

His suit was granted;—to an ancient maid,

Relieved herself, relief for him was paid :
Here they together (meet companions) dwell,
And dismal tales of man's misfortunes tell :
"'Twas not a world for them,—God help them, they
Could not deceive, nor flatter, nor betray ;
But there's a happy change, a scene to come,
And they, God help them ! shall be soon at home."
If these no pleasures nor enjoyments gain,
Still none their spirits nor their speech restrain;
They sigh at ease, 'mid comforts they complain.
The poor will grieve, the poor will weep and sigh,
Both when they know, and when they know not why ;
But we our bounty with such care bestow,
That cause for grieving they shall seldom know.

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

ANOTHER matron, of superior kind,
For higher schools prepares the rising mind :
Preparatory she her learning calls,
The step first made to colleges and halls.
  She early sees to what the mind will grow,
Nor abler judge of infant powers I know :
She sees what soon the lively will impede,
And how the steadier will in turn succeed ;
Observes the dawn of wisdom, fancy, taste,
And knows what parts will wear, and what will waste :
She marks the mind too lively, and at once
Sees the gay coxcomb and the rattling dunce.
  Long has she lived, and much she loves to trace
Her former pupils, now a lordly race ;
Whom when she sees rich robes and furs bedeck,
She marks the pride which once she strove to check.
A burgess comes, and she remembers well
How hard her task to make his worship spell ;
Cold, selfish, dull, inanimate, unkind,
'Twas but by anger he display'd a mind :
Now civil, smiling, complaisant, and gay,

The world has worn the unsocial crust away :
That sullen spirit now a softness wears,
And, save by fits, e'en dulness disappears :
But still the matron can the man behold,
Dull, selfish, hard, inanimate, and cold.
A merchant passes,—" Probity and truth,
Prudence and patience, mark'd thee from thy youth."
Thus she observes, but oft retains her fears
For him, who now with name unstain'd appears :
Nor hope relinquishes, for one who yet
Is lost in error and involved in debt ;
For latent evil in that heart she found,
More open here, but here the core was sound.

A PARISH DOCTOR.

ANON, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

A CLERGYMAN.

BUT ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above:
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

THE PEASANT'S FUNERAL.

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.—
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer claims his humble bow,—
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!
Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing hand in hand;

While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor ;
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound ;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer ;
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unbless'd.

LOVE IS DOTAGE.

Now to be wed a well-match'd couple came ;
Twice had old Lodge been tied, and twice the dame ;
Tottering they came and toying (odious scene !)
And fond and simple, as they'd always been.
Children from wedlock we by laws restrain ;
Why not prevent them when they're such again?
Why not forbid the doting souls to prove
Th' indecent fondling of preposterous love?
In spite of prudence, uncontroll'd by shame,
The amorous senior woos the toothless dame,
Relating idly, at the closing eve,
The youthful follies he disdains to leave ;
Till youthful follies wake a transient fire,
When arm in arm they totter and retire.
So a fond pair of solemn birds all day
Blink in their seat and doze the hours away ;
Then by the moon awaken'd, forth they move,
And fright the songsters with their cheerless love ;
So two sere trees, dry, stunted, and unsound,
Each other catch, when dropping to the ground ;

Entwine their wither'd arms 'gainst wind and
weather,
And shake their leafless heads and drop together :
So two cold limbs, touch'd by Galvani's wire,
Move with new life, and feel awaken'd fire ;
Quivering awhile, their flaccid forms remain,
Then turn to cold torpidity again.

THE BURIAL.

THEN died lamented in the strength of life,
A valued *mother* and a faithful *wife* ;
Call'd not away when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart and each desire grew cold ;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind ;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare ;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart ;
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke !
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone ;
Still those around appear'd for hope to seek !
But view'd the sick and were afraid to speak.
Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead :
When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed,
My part began ; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face :
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,

That fear with pity mingled in each mind ;
Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend ;
For Goodman Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear ;
Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain ;
While the meek father listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied :
" Be still, be patient ; " oft she strove to stay ;
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.
Curious and sad, upon the fresh dug hill
The village lads stood melancholy still ;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As Nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arrived at home, how then they gazed around
On every place—where she—no more was found ;—
The seat at table she was wont to fill ;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still ;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own ;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'er-grown ;
The Sunday pew she fill'd with all her race,—
Each place of hers, was now a sacred place,—
That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise.
Oh sacred sorrow ! by whom souls are tried,

Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide ;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share !)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment !

CARDS.

STILL, let me own, there are some vacant hours,
When minds might work, and men exert their powers:
Ere wine to folly spurs the giddy guest,
But gives to wit its vigour and its zest;
Then might we reason, might in turn display
Our several talents, and be wisely gay;
We might—but who a tame discourse regards,
When whist is named, and we behold the cards?
Our eager parties, when the lunar light
Throws its full radiance on the festive night,
Of either sex, with punctual hurry come,
And fill, with one accord, an ample room;
Pleased, the fresh packs on cloth of green they see,
And seizing, handle with preluding glee;
They draw, they sit, they shuffle, cut, and deal;
Like friends assembled, but like foes to feel:
But yet not all,—a happier few have joys
Of mere amusement, and their cards are toys;
No skill nor art, nor fretful hopes have they,
But while their friends are gaming, laugh and play.

Others there are, the veterans of the game,
Who owe their pleasure to their envied fame;
Through many a year with hard-contested strife,
Have they attain'd this glory of their life:
Such is that ancient burgess, whom in vain
Would gout and fever on his couch detain.

. . . . .

Here avarice first, the keen desire of gain,
Rules in each heart, and works in every brain:
Alike the veteran dames and virgins feel,
Nor care what greybeards or what striplings deal;
Sex, age, and station, vanish from their view,
And gold, their sov'reign good, the mingled crowd pursue.
Hence they are jealous, and as rivals, keep
A watchful eye on the belovèd heap;
Meantime discretion bids the tongue be still,
And mild good-humour strives with strong ill-will,
Till prudence fails; when, all impatient grown,
They make their grief by their suspicions known.
"Sir, I protest, were Job himself at play,
He'd rave to see you throw your cards away;
Not that I care a button—not a pin
For what I lose; but we had cards to win:
A saint in heaven would grieve to see such hand
Cut up by one who will not understand."
"Complain of me! and so you might indeed,
If I had ventured on that foolish lead,
That fatal heart—but I forgot your play—
Some folk have ever thrown their hearts away."

"Yes, and their diamonds; I have heard of one
Who made a beggar of an only son."
"Better a beggar, than to see him tied
To art and spite, to insolence and pride."
"Sir, were I you, I'd strive to be polite,
Against my nature, for a single night."
"So did you strive, and, madam, with success;
I knew no being we could censure less!"
Is this too much? Alas! my peaceful muse
Cannot with half their virulence abuse.
And hark! at other tables discord reigns,
With feign'd contempt for losses and for gains;
Passions awhile are bridled: then they rage,
In waspish youth, and in resentful age;
With scraps of insult—"Sir, when next you play,
Reflect whose money 'tis you throw away.
No one on earth can less such things regard,
But when one's partner doesn't know a card—
I scorn suspicion, ma'am, but while you stand
Behind that lady, pray keep down your hand."
"Good heav'n, revoke: remember, if the set
Be lost, in honour you should pay the debt."
"There, there's your money; but, while I have life,
I'll never more sit down with man and wife;
They snap and snarl indeed, but in the heat
Of all their spleen, their understandings meet;
They are Freemasons, and have many a sign,
That we, poor devils! never can divine;
May it be told, do ye divide th' amount,
Or goes it all to family account?"

THE LION INN.

HIGH in the street, o'erlooking all the place,
The rampant *Lion* shows his kingly face ;
His ample jaws extend from side to side,
His eyes are glaring, and his nostrils wide :
In silver shag the sovereign form is dress'd,
A mane horrific sweeps his ample chest ;
Elate with pride, he seems t' assert his reign,
And stands the glory of his wide domain.

Yet nothing dreadful to his friends the sight,
But sign and pledge of welcome and delight.
To him the noblest guest the town detains
Flies for repast, and in his court remains ;
Him too the crowd with longing looks admire,
Sigh for his joys, and modestly retire ;
Here not a comfort shall to them be lost
Who never ask or never feel the cost.

The ample yards on either side contain
Buildings where order and distinction reign ;—
The splendid carriage of the wealthier guest,
The ready chaise and driver smartly dress'd ;
Whiskeys and gigs and curricles are there,

And high-fed prancers many a raw-boned pair.
On all without a lordly host sustains
The care of empire, and observant reigns ;
The parting guest beholds him at his side,
With pomp obsequious, bending in his pride ;
Round all the place his eyes all objects meet,
Attentive, silent, civil, and discreet.
O'er all within the lady-hostess rules,
Her bar she governs, and her kitchen schools ;
To every guest th' appropriate speech is made,
And every duty with distinction paid ;
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—
"Your honour's servant"—"Mister Smith, good night."

THE BOAR INN.

SHALL I pass by the *Boar!*—there are who cry,
"Beware the Boar," and pass determined by:
Those dreadful tusks, those little peering eyes
And churning chaps, are tokens to the wise.
There dwells a kind old aunt, and there you see
Some kind young nieces in her company;
Poor village nieces, whom the tender dame
Invites to town, and gives their beauty fame;
The grateful sisters feel th' important aid,
And the good aunt is flatter'd and repaid.

What, though it may some cool observers strike,
That such fair sisters should be so unlike;
That still another and another comes,
And at the matron's table smiles and blooms;
That all appear as if they meant to stay
Time undefined, nor name a parting day;
And yet, though all are valued, all are dear,
Causeless they go, and seldom more appear.

Yet let Suspicion hide her odious head,
And Scandal vengeance from a burgess dread;
A pious friend, who with the ancient dame

At sober cribbage takes an evening game ;
His cup beside him, through their play he quaffs,
And oft renews, and innocently laughs ;
Or growing serious, to the text resorts,
And from the Sunday sermon makes reports ;
While all, with grateful glee his wish attend,
A grave protector and a powerful friend :
But Slander says, who indistinctly sees,
Once he was caught with Sylvia on his knees ;—
A cautious burgess with a careful wife
To be so caught !—'tis false, upon my life.

THE SIGN OF THE CAROLINE.

THIRD in our Borough's list appears the sign
Of a fair queen—the gracious *Caroline;*
But in decay—each feature in the face
Has stain of time, and token of disgrace.
The storm of winter, and the summer sun,
Have on that form their equal mischief done;
The features now are all disfigured seen,
And not one charm adorns th' insulted queen.
To this poor face was never paint applied,
Th' unseemly work of cruel Time to hide;
Here we may rightly such neglect upbraid,
Paint on such faces is by prudence laid.
Large the domain, but all within combine
To correspond with the dishonour'd sign;
And all around dilapidates; you call—
But none replies—they're inattentive all:
At length a ruin'd stable holds your steed,
While you through large and dirty rooms proceed,
Spacious and cold; a proof they once had been
In honour,—now magnificently mean;
Till in some small half-furnish'd room you rest,

Whose dying fire denotes it had a guest.
In those you pass'd, where former splendour reign'd,
You saw the carpets torn, the paper stain'd ;
Squares of discordant glass in windows fix'd,
And paper oil'd in many a space betwixt ;
A soil'd and broken sconce, a mirror crack'd,
With table underpropp'd, and chairs new back'd ;
A marble side-slab with ten thousand stains,
And all an ancient tavern's poor remains.

With much entreaty, they your food prepare,
And acid wine afford, with meagre fare ;
Heartless you sup ; and when a dozen times
You've read the fractured window's senseless rhymes,
Have been assured that Phœbe Green was fair,
And Peter Jackson took his supper there ;
You reach a chilling chamber, where you dread
Damps, hot or cold, from a tremendous bed ;
Late comes your sleep, and you are waken'd soon
By rustling tatters of the old festoon.

O'er this large building, thus by time defaced,
A servile couple has its owner placed,
Who not unmindful that its style is large,
To lost magnificence adapt their charge :
Thus an old beauty, who has long declined,
Keeps former dues and dignity in mind ;
And wills that all attention should be paid
For graces vanish'd and for charms decay'd.

Few years have pass'd, since brightly 'cross the way,
Lights from each window shot the lengthen'd ray,
And busy looks in every face were seen,

Through the warm precincts of the reigning queen ;
There fires inviting blazed, and all around
Was heard the tinkling bells' seducing sound ;
The nimble waiters to that sound from far
Sprang to the call, then hasten'd to the bar ;
Where a glad priestess of the temple sway'd,
The most obedient, and the most obey'd ;
Rosy and round, adorn'd in crimson vest,
And flaming ribands at her ample breast ;
She, skill'd like Circe, tried her guests to move
With looks of welcome and with words of love ;
And such her potent charms, that men unwise
Were soon transform'd and fitted for the sties.
  Her port in bottles stood, a well-stain'd row,
Drawn for the evening from the pipe below ;
Three powerful spirits fill'd a parted case,
Some cordial bottles stood in secret place ;
Fair acid fruits in nets above were seen,
Her plate was splendid, and her glasses clean ;
Basins and bowls were ready on the stand,
And measures clatter'd in her powerful hand.

THE SMOKERS' CLUB.

A CLUB there is of *Smokers*. Dare you come
To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic room?
When midnight past, the very candles seem
Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam;
When curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
And prosing topers rub their winking eyes;
When the long tale, renew'd when last they met,
Is spliced anew, and is unfinish'd yet;
When but a few are left the house to tire,
And they half-sleeping by the sleepy fire;
E'en the poor ventilating vane that flew
Of late so fast, is now grown drowsy too;
When sweet, cold, clammy punch its aid bestows,
Then thus the midnight conversation flows:—
"Then, as I said, and—mind me—as I say,
At our last meeting—you remember"—"Ay?"
"Well, very well—then freely as I drink
I spoke my thought—you take me—what I think:
'And, sir,' said I, 'if I a freeman be,
It is my bounden duty to be free.'"
"Ay, there you posed him: I respect the Chair,

But man is man, although the man's a mayor ;
If Muggins live—no, no !—if Muggins die,
He'll quit his office—neighbour, shall I try ?"
" I'll speak my mind, for here are none but friends :
They're all contending for their private ends ;
No public spirit—once a vote would bring,
I say a vote—was then a pretty thing ;
It made a man to serve his country and his king :
But for that place, that Muggins must resign,
You've my advice—'tis no affair of mine."

BENEATH THE SHADOW.

Lo ! where on that huge anchor sadly leans
That sick tall figure, lost in other scenes ;
He late from India's clime impatient sail'd,
There, as his fortune grew, his spirits fail'd ;
For each delight, in search of wealth he went,
For ease alone, the wealth acquired he spent—
And spent in vain ; enrich'd, aggrieved, he sees
The envied poor possess'd of joy and ease :
And now he flies from place to place, to gain
Strength for enjoyment, and still flies in vain :
Mark ! with what sadness, of that pleasant crew,
Boist'rous in mirth, he takes a transient view ;
And fixing then his eye upon the sea,
Thinks what has been, and what must shortly be ;
Is it not strange that man should health destroy,
For joys that come when he is dead to joy ?

THE COMMON NATURE.

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied;
Such are their natures and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of power and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxurious lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace,
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune pass'd,
Die and are equal in the dust at last.
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you call the great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the brave.

NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

SHOULD some fair frail one drive her prancing pair
Where rival peers contend to please the fair;
When, with new force, she aids her conquering eyes,
And beauty decks with all that beauty buys;
Quickly we learn whose heart her influence feels,
Whose acres melt before her glowing wheels.
To these a thousand idle themes succeed,
Deeds of all kinds, and comments to each deed.
Here stocks, the state barometers, we view,
That rise or fall by causes known to few;
Promotion's ladder who goes up or down:
Who wed, or who seduced, amuse the town;
What new-born heir has made his father blest;
What heir exults, his father now at rest;
That ample list the Tyburn-herald gives,
And each known knave, who still for Tyburn lives.
So grows the work, and now the printer tries
His powers no more, but leans on his allies.
When lo! the advertising tribe succeed,
Pay to be read, yet find but few will read;
And chief th' illustrious race, whose drops and pills

Have patent powers to vanquish human ills:
These, with their cures, a constant aid remain,
To bless the pale composer's fertile brain;
Fertile it is, but still the noblest soil
Requires some pause, some intervals from toil;
And they at least a certain ease obtain
From Katterfelto's skill, and Graham's glowing strain.

FARM-SERVANTS AT MEAT.

To Farmer *Moss*, in Langar Vale, came down
His only daughter, from her school in town;
A tender, timid maid, who knew not how
To pass a pig-sty, or to face a cow:
Smiling she came, with petty talents graced,
A fair complexion, and a slender waist.
  Used to spare meals, disposed in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure:
Where by the steaming beef he hungry sat,
And laid at once a pound upon his plate;
Hot from the field, her eager brother seized
An equal part, and hunger's rage appeased;
The air surcharged with moisture, flagg'd around,
And the offended damsel sigh'd and frown'd;
The swelling fat in lumps conglomerate laid,
And fancy's sickness seized the loathing maid:
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline, where never lean

Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen ;
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new ;
When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain
Soil'd by rude hinds who cut and came again—
She could not breathe ; but with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye ;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine.

PURITANS.

FIX'D were their habits; they arose betimes,
Then pray'd their hour, and sang their party-rhymes:
Their meals were plenteous, regular, and plain,
The trade of Jonas brought him constant gain;
Vender of hops and malt, of coals and corn—
And, like his father, he was merchant born.
Neat was their house; each table, chair, and stool,
Stood in its place, or moving moved by rule;
No lively print or picture graced the room;
A plain brown paper lent its decent gloom;
But here the eye, in glancing round survey'd
A small recess that seem'd for china made;
Such pleasing pictures seem'd this pencill'd ware,
That few would search for nobler objects there—
Yet, turn'd by chosen friends, and there appear'd
His stern strong features, whom they all revered;
For there in lofty air was seen to stand
The bold Protector of the conquer'd land,
Drawn in that look with which he wept and swore,

Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door,
Ridding the House of every knave and drone,
Forced, though it grieved his soul, to rule alone.
The stern still smile each friend approving gave,
Then turn'd the view, and all again were grave.
There stood a clock, though small the owner's need,
For habit told when all things should proceed;
Few their amusements, but when friends appear'd,
They with the world's distress their spirits cheer'd;
The nation's guilt, that would not long endure
The reign of men so modest and so pure:
Their town was large, and seldom pass'd a day
But some had fail'd, and others gone astray;
Clerks had absconded, wives eloped, girls flown
To Gretna-Green, or sons rebellious grown;
Quarrels and fires arose;—and it was plain
The times were bad; the Saints* had ceased to reign!
A few yet lived, to languish and to mourn
For good old manners never to return.

* This appellation is here used not ironically, nor with malignity; but it is taken merely to designate a morosely devout people, with peculiar austerity of manners.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

Now Puffs exhausted, Advertisements past,
Their Correspondents stand exposed at last;
These are a numerous tribe, to fame unknown,
Who for the public good forego their own;
Who volunteers in paper-war engage,
With double portion of their party's rage:
Such are the Bruti, Decii, who appear
Wooing the printer for admission here;
Whose generous souls can condescend to pray
For leave to throw their precious time away.
Oh, cruel WOODFALL! when a patriot draws
His grey-goose quill in his dear country's cause,
To vex and maul a ministerial race,
Can thy stern soul refuse the champion place?
Alas! thou know'st not with what anxious heart
He longs his best-loved labours to impart;
How he has sent them to thy brethren round,
And still the same unkind reception found:
At length indignant will he damn the state,
Turn to his trade, and leave us to our fate.
These Roman souls, like Rome's great sons, are known

To live in cells on labours of their own.
Thus Milo, could we see the noble chief,
Feeds, for his country's good, on legs of beef :
Camillus copies deeds for sordid pay,
Yet fights the public battles twice a day.
E'en now the godlike Brutus views his score
Scroll'd on the bar-board swinging with the door :
Where, tippling punch, grave Cato's self you'll see,
And *Amor Patriæ* vending smuggled tea.

NEWSPAPER POETS.

LAST in these ranks, and least, their art's disgrace,
Neglected stand the Muses' meanest race;
Scribblers who court contempt, whose verse the eye
Disdainful views, and glances swiftly by:
This Poet's Corner is the place they choose,
A fatal nursery for an infant muse;
Unlike that Corner where true Poets lie,
These cannot live, and they shall never die;
Hapless the lad whose mind such dreams invade,
And win to verse the talents due to trade.
  Curb then, O youth! these raptures as they rise,
Keep down the evil spirit and be wise;
Follow your calling, think the Muses foes,
Nor lean upon the pestle and compose.
  I know your day-dreams, and I know the snare
Hid in your flow'ry path, and cry "Beware!"
Thoughtless of ill, and to the future blind,
A sudden couplet rushes on your mind;
Here you may nameless print your idle rhymes,
And read your first-born work a thousand times;
Th' infection spreads, your couplet grows apace,
Stanzas to Delia's dog or Celia's face:
You take a name; Philander's odes are seen,

Printed, and praised in every magazine :
Diarian sages greet their brother sage,
And your dark pages please th' enlighten'd age.—
Alas ! what years you thus consume in vain,
Ruled by this wretched bias of the brain !
Go ! to your desks and counters all return ;
Your sonnets scatter, your acrostics burn ;
Trade, and be rich ; or, should your careful sires
Bequeath you wealth, indulge the nobler fires ;
Should love of fame your youthful heart betray,
Pursue fair fame, but in a glorious way,
Nor in the idle scenes of Fancy's painting stray.
Of all the good that mortal men pursue
The Muse has least to give, and gives to few ;
Like some coquettish fair, she leads us on,
With smiles and hopes, till youth and peace are gone ;
Then, wed for life, the restless wrangling pair
Forget how constant one, and one how fair.
Meanwhile Ambition, like a blooming bride,
Brings power and wealth to grace her lover's side ;
And though she smiles not with such flattering charms,
The brave will sooner win her to their arms.
Then wed to her, if Virtue tie the bands,
Go spread your country's fame in hostile lands ;
Her court, her senate, or her arms adorn,
And let her foes lament that you were born :
Or weigh her laws, their ancient rights defend,
Though hosts oppose, be theirs and Reason's friend ;
Arm'd with strong powers, in their defence engage,
And rise the *Thurlow* of the future age.

THE PATRON.

A BOROUGH-BAILIFF, who to law was train'd,
A wife and sons in decent state maintain'd.
He had his way in life's rough ocean steer'd,
And many a rock and coast of danger clear'd:
He saw where others fail'd, and care had he,
Others in him should not such failings see.
His sons in various busy states were placed,
And all began the sweets of gain to taste,
Save *John*, the younger, who, of sprightly parts,
Felt not a love for money-making arts:
In childhood feeble, he, for country air,
Had long resided with a rustic pair;
All round whose room were doleful ballads, sung
Of lovers' sufferings, and of ladies' wrongs;
Of peevish ghosts who came at dark midnight,
For breach of promise, guilty men to fright;
Love, marriage, murder, were the themes, with these,
All that on idle, ardent spirits seize;
Robbers at land, and pirates on the main,
Enchanters foil'd, spells broken, giants slain;

Legends of love, with tales of halls and bowers,
Choice of rare songs, and garlands of choice flowers,
And all the hungry mind without a choice devours.
From village children kept apart by pride,
With such enjoyments, and without a guide,
Inspired by feelings all such works infused,
John snatch'd a pen, and wrote as he perused:
With the like fancy he could make his knight
Slay half a host and put the rest to flight;
With the like knowledge he could make him ride
From isle to isle at *Parthenissa's* side;
And with a heart yet free, no busy brain
Form'd wilder notions of delight and pain,
The raptures smiles create, the anguish of disdain.
Such were the fruits of John's poetic toil—
Weeds, but still proofs of vigour in the soil:
He nothing purposed but with vast delight,
Let fancy loose, and wonder'd at her flight:
His notions of poetic worth were high,
And of his own still-hoarded poetry;
These to his father's house he bore with pride,
A miser's treasure, in his room to hide;
Till spurr'd by glory, to a reading friend,
He kindly show'd the sonnets he had penn'd:
With erring judgment, though with heart sincere,
That friend exclaimed, "These beauties must appear."
In magazines they claim'd their share of fame,
Though undistinguish'd by their author's name;
And with delight the young enthusiast found

The muse of "Marcus" with applauses crown'd.
This heard the father, and with some alarm;
"The boy," said he, "will neither trade nor farm;
He for both law and physic is unfit."

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Though rapt in visions of no vulgar kind,
To common subjects stoop'd our poet's mind;
And oft when wearied with more ardent flight,
He felt a spur satiric song to write;
A rival burgess his bold muse attack'd,
And whipp'd severely for a well-known fact;
For while he seem'd to all demure and shy,
Our poet gazed at what was passing by;
And e'en his father smiled when playful wit,
From his young bard, some haughty object hit.

From ancient times, the borough where they dwelt
Had mighty contests at elections felt;
Sir Godfrey Ball, 'tis true, had held in pay
Electors many for the trying day;
But in such golden chains to bind them all
Required too much for e'en Sir Godfrey Ball.
A member died, and to supply his place
Two heroes enter'd for th' important race;
Sir Godfrey's friend and Earl Fitzdonnel's son,
Lord Frederick Damer, both prepared to run;
And partial numbers saw, with vast delight,
Their good young lord oppose the proud old knight.

Our poet's father, at a first request,
Gave the young lord his vote and interest;
And what he could our poet, for he stung

The foe by verse satiric, said and sung,
Lord Frederick heard of all this youthful zeal,
And felt as lords upon a canvass feel;
He read the satire, and he saw the use
That such cool insult, and such keen abuse,
Might on the wavering minds of voting men produce;
Then too his praises were in contrast seen,
"A lord as noble as the knight was mean."
"I much rejoice," he cried, "such worth to find;
To this the world must be no longer blind:
His glory will descend from sire to son,
The Burns of English race, the happier Chatterton."
Our poet's mind now hurried and elate,
Alarm'd the anxious parent for his fate;
Who saw with sorrow, should their friend succeed,
That much discretion would the poet need.
Their friend succeeded, and repaid the zeal
The poet felt, and made opposers feel,
By praise (from lords how soothing and how sweet!)
An invitation to his noble seat.
The father ponder'd, doubtful if the brain
Of his proud boy such honour could sustain;
Pleased with the favours offer'd to a son,
But seeing dangers few so ardent shun.
Thus lived our youth, with conversation, books,
And Lady Emma's soul-subduing looks:
Lost in delight, astonish'd at his lot,
All prudence banish'd, all advice forgot—
Hopes, fears, and every thought, were fix'd upon
the spot.

'Twas autumn yet, and many a day must frown
On Brandon Hall, ere went my lord to town;
Meantime the father, who had heard his boy
Lived in a round of luxury and joy,
And justly thinking that the youth was one
Who, meeting danger, was unskill'd to shun;
Knowing his temper, virtue, spirit, zeal,
How prone to hope and trust, believe and feel;
These on the parent's soul their weight impress'd,
And thus he wrote the counsels of his breast:—
"John, thou'rt a genius; thou hast some pretence,
I think, to wit,—but hast thou sterling sense?
That which, like gold, may through the world go forth,
And always pass for what 'tis truly worth:
Whereas this genius, like a bill must take
Only the value our opinions make.
"Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
Treat those of common parts with proud disdain;
The powers that wisdom would, improving hide,
They blaze abroad with inconsid'rate pride;
While yet but mere probationers for fame,
They seize the honour they should then disclaim:
Honour so hurried to the light must fade,—
The lasting laurels flourish in the shade.
"Prudence, my boy, forbids thee to commend
The cause or party of thy noble friend:
What are his praises worth, who must be known,
To take a patron's maxims for his own?
When ladies sing, or in thy presence play,
Do not, dear John, in rapture melt away;

'Tis not thy part, there will be listeners round,
To cry 'Divine!' and dote upon the sound;
Remember, too, that though the poor have ears,
They take not in the music of the spheres;
They must not feel the warble and the thrill,
Or be dissolved in ecstasy at will;
Beside, 'tis freedom in a youth like thee
To drop his awe and deal in ecstasy!

"Hard, boy, thy task, to steer thy way among
That servile, supple, shrewd, insidious throng,
Who look upon thee as of doubtful race,
An interloper, one who wants a place:
Freedom with these, let thy free soul condemn,
Nor with thy heart's concerns associate them.

"Of all be cautious—but be most afraid
Of the pale charms that grace my lady's maid;
Of those sweet dimples, of that fraudful eye,
The frequent glance design'd for thee to spy;
The soft bewitching look, the fond bewailing sigh:
Let others frown and envy; she the while
(Insidious siren!) will demurely smile!
And for her gentle purpose, every day
Inquire thy wants, and meet thee in thy way;
She has her blandishments, and, though so weak,
Her person pleases, and her actions speak:
At first her folly may her aim defeat;
But kindness shown, at length will kindness meet:
Have some offended? them will she disdain,
And, for thy sake, contempt and pity feign;
She hates the vulgar, she admires to look

On woods and groves, and dotes upon a book :
Let her once see thee on her features dwell,
And hear one sigh—then liberty farewell."
Our poet read—" It is in truth," said he,
" Correct in part, but what is *this* to me?
I love a foolish Abigail ! in base
And sordid office ! fear not such disgrace :
Am I so blind? " " Or thou wouldst surely see
That lady's fall, if she should stoop to thee ! "
" The cases differ." " True ! for what surprise
Could from thy marriage with the maid arise?
But through the island would the shame be spread,
Should the fair mistress deign with thee to wed."
John saw not this ; and many a week had pass'd,
While the vain beauty held her victim fast ;
The noble friend still condescension show'd,
And, as before, with praises overflow'd :
But his grave lady took a silent view
Of all that pass'd, and smiling, pitied too.
Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf ;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb ; the woods
Roar'd with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods :
All green was vanish'd, save of pine and yew,
That still display'd their melancholy hue ;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.
To public views my lord must soon attend ;
And soon the ladies—would they leave their friend?

The time was fix'd—approach'd—was near—was come;
The trying time that fill'd his soul with gloom:
Thoughtful our poet in the morning rose,
And cried, "One hour my fortune will disclose;
Terrific hour! from thee have I to date
Life's loftier views, or my degraded state;
For now to be what I have been before
Is so to fall that I can rise no more."
The morning meal was past; and all around
The mansion rang with each discordant sound;
Haste was in every foot, and every look
The trav'ller's joy for London journey spoke:
Not so our youth, whose feelings at the noise
Of preparation, had no touch of joys:
He pensive stood, and saw each carriage drawn,
With lackeys mounted, ready on the lawn;
The ladies came; and John in terror threw
One painful glance, and then his eyes withdrew;
Not with such speed, but he in other eyes
With anguish read—"I pity, but despise—
Unhappy boy!—presumptuous scribbler!—you,
To dream such dreams!—be sober, and adieu!"
Then came the noble friend—"And will my lord
Vouchsafe no comfort—drop no soothing word?
Yes he must speak;"—he speaks, "My good young friend,
You know my views; upon my care depend;
My hearty thanks to your good father pay,
And be a student.—Harry, drive away."

At length a letter came, both cool and brief,
But still it gave the burthen'd heart relief:
Though not inspired by lofty hopes, the youth
Placed much reliance on Lord Frederick's truth.
Summon'd to town, he thought the visit one
Where something fair and friendly would be done:
Although he judged not as before his fall,
When all was love and promise at the Hall.

Arrived in town, he early sought to know
The fate such dubious friendship would bestow;
At a tall building, trembling he appear'd,
And his low rap was indistinctly heard;
A well-known servant came—"Awhile," said he,
"Be pleased to wait; my lord has company."
Alone our hero sat; the news in hand,
Which though he read, he could not understand:
Cold was the day; in days so cold as these
There needs a fire where minds and bodies freeze.
The vast and echoing room, the polish'd grate,
The crimson chairs, the sideboard with its plate;
The splendid sofa, which, though made for rest,
He then had thought it freedom to have press'd;
The shining tables, curiously inlaid,
Were all in comfortless proud style display'd;
And to the troubled feelings terror gave,
That made the once dear friend the sick'ning slave.

"Was he forgotten?" Thrice upon his ear
Struck the loud clock, yet no relief was near:
Each rattling carriage, and each thundering stroke
On the loud door, the dream of fancy broke;

Oft as the servant chanced the way to come,
"Brings he a message?" no! he pass'd the room:
At length 'tis certain; "Sir, you will attend
At twelve on Thursday!" Thus the day had end.
Vex'd by these tedious hours of needless pain,
John left the noble mansion with disdain;
For there was something in that still, cold place,
That seem'd to threaten and portend disgrace.
Punctual again the modest rap declared
The youth attended; then was all prepared:
For the same servant, by his lord's command,
A paper offer'd to his trembling hand:
"No more!" he cried; "disdains he to afford
One kind expression, one consoling word?"
With troubled spirit he began to read
That "in the Church my lord could not succeed;"
Who had "to peers of either kind applied,
And was with dignity and grace denied;
While his own livings were by men possess'd
Not likely in their chancels yet to rest;
And therefore, all things weigh'd (as he, my lord,
Had done maturely, and he pledged his word),
Wisdom it seem'd for John to turn his view
To busier scenes, and bid the Church adieu!"
Now grew the youth resign'd: he bade adieu
To all that hope, to all that fancy drew;
His frame was languid, and the hectic heat
Flush'd on his pallid face, and countless beat
The quick'ning pulse, and faint the limbs that bore
The slender form that soon would breathe no more.

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Then hope of holy kind the soul sustain'd ;
And not a lingering thought of earth remain'd ;
Now heaven had all, and he could smile at love,
And the wild sallies of his youth reprove ;
Then could he dwell upon the tempting days,
The proud aspiring thought, the partial praise ;
Victorious now, his worldly views were closed,
And on the bed of death the youth reposed.

The father grieved—but as the poet's heart
Was all unfitted for his earthly part ;
As, he conceived, some other haughty fair
Would, had he lived, have led him to despair ;
As, with this fear, the silent grave shut out
All feverish hope, and all tormenting doubt ;
While the strong faith the pious youth possess'd,
His hope enlivening gave his sorrows rest ;
Soothed by these thoughts, he felt a mournful joy
For his aspiring and devoted boy.

Meantime the news through various channels spread,
The youth, once favour'd with such praise, was dead :
" Emma," the lady cried, " my words attend,
Your siren smiles have kill'd your humble friend ;
The hope you raised can now delude no more,
Nor charms, that once inspired, can now restore."

Faint was the flush of anger and of shame,
That o'er the cheek of conscious beauty came :
" You censure not," said she, " the sun's bright rays,
When fools imprudent dare the dangerous gaze ;
And should a stripling look till he were blind,
You would not justly call the light unkind :

But is he dead—and am I to suppose
The power of poison in such looks as those?"
She spoke, and pointing to the mirror, cast
A pleased gay glance, and curtsied as she pass'd.
  My lord, to whom the poet's fate was told,
Was much affected, for a man so cold:
"Dead!" said his lordship, "run distracted—mad!
Upon my soul I'm sorry for the lad;
And now no doubt th' obliging world will say
That my harsh usage help'd him on his way:
What! I suppose, I should have nursed his muse,
And with champagne have brighten'd up his views;
Then had he made me famed my whole life long,
And stunn'd my ears with gratitude and song.
Still should the father hear that I regret
Our joint misfortune—yes! I'll not forget."
  Thus they:—the father to his grave convey'd
The son he loved, and his last duties paid.
  "There lies my boy," he cried, "of care bereft,
And heaven be praised, I've not a genius left:
No one among ye, sons, is doom'd to live
On high-raised hopes of what the great may give;
None, with exalted views and fortunes mean,
To die in anguish, or to live in spleen:
Your pious brother soon escaped the strife
Of such contention, but it cost his life;
You then, my sons, upon yourselves depend,
And in your own exertions find the friend."

THE BROTHERS.

THAN old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast :
Kind, simple, and sincere—he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorus'd—" Hearts of oak !"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labour and in love were spent.
  He left a son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaim'd, "'Tis Fletcher we behold ;"
But to his brother, when the kinsmen came
And viewed his form, they grudged the father's name.
George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had ;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lack'd.
  George lived at sea : upon the land a guest—
He sought for recreation, not for rest ;
While, far unlike, his brother's feeble form
Shrank from the cold, and shudder'd at the storm ;
Still with the seaman's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.
  George, strong and sturdy, had a tender mind,

And was to Isaac pitiful and kind ;
A very father, till his art was gain'd,
And then a friend unwearied he remain'd ;
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow ;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake ;
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart ;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew
What men to court—what objects to pursue ;
That he to distant gain the way discern'd,
And none so crooked but his genius learn'd.

Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt ;
He hired a house, and there the landman dwelt,
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would George with cash and comforts come :
And when they parted, Isaac look'd around
Where other friends and helpers might be found.

He wish'd for some port-place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all ;
He had a vote—and were it well applied,
Might have its worth—and he had views beside ;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote ;
For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bow'd and bent the neck to Burgess Steel ;
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave ;
One whom the visage long and look demure

Of Isaac pleased—he seem'd sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favour and in fortune's way.

George then was coasting—war was yet delay'd,
And what he gain'd was to his brother paid;
Nor ask'd the seaman what he saved or spent,
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content;
Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
"Press'd, I must go; why, then, 'tis better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I fear'd the music of a gun."
"Go not!" said Isaac—"you shall wear disguise."
"What!" said the seaman, "clothe myself with lies!"
"Oh! but there's danger."—"Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share—
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care."

Isaac awhile demurr'd—but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:
The better mind will sometimes feel the pain
Of benefactions—favour is a chain;
But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish, disdain;—
While beings form'd in coarser mould will hate

The helping hand they ought to venerate:
No wonder George should in this cause prevail,
With one contending who was glad to fail:
"Isaac, farewell! do wipe that doleful eye;
Crying we came, and groaning we may die;
Let us do something 'twixt the groan and cry:
And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize,
One half to thee I give and I devise;
For thou hast oft occasion for the aid
Of learn'd physicians, and they will be paid;
Their wives and children men support at sea,
And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me:
Farewell! I go where hope and honour call,
Nor does it follow that who fights must fall."
Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
And a huge tear moved slowly down his cheek;
Like Pluto's iron drop, hard sign of grace,
It slowly roll'd upon the rueful face,
Forced by the striving will alone its way to trace.
Years fled—war lasted—George at sea remain'd,
While the slow landman still his profits gain'd:
A humble place was vacant—he besought
His patron's interest, and the office caught;
For still the virgin was his faithful friend,
And one so sober could with truth commend,
Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
And their advice with zeal and reverence sought:
Whom thus the mistress praised, the maid approved,
And her he wedded whom he wisely loved.
No more he needs assistance—but, alas!

He fears the money will for liquor pass;
Or that the seaman might to flatterers lend,
Or give support to some pretended friend:
Still he must write—he wrote, and he confess'd
That, till absolved, he should be sore distress'd;
But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
The hasty deed—Heav'n knew how he should live;
"But you," he added, "as a man of sense,
Have well consider'd danger and expense:
I ran, alas! into the fatal snare,
And now for trouble must my mind prepare;
And how, with children, I shall pick my way
Through a hard world, is more than I can say:
Then change not, brother, your more happy state,
Or on the hazard long deliberate."
George answered gravely, "It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit:
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust."
He added, "marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife;
Then vow'd to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart."
Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In the same terms the seaman had replied;
At such reproofs the crafty landman smiled,
And softly said, "This creature is a child."
Twice had the gallant ship a capture made—
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the sailor, with his pockets stored,

Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace:
The wife resolved her honour'd guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees;
The grog went round, the neighbours drank his health,
And George exclaim'd, "Ah! what to this is wealth?
Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches—but we now must part!"
All yet is still—but hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalm'd on mountain-billows ride—
So life is threaten'd and so man is tried.
Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be:
His leg was lopp'd; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crown'd,
Yet much it vex'd him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his brother that the foe might leave;
To whom the seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he "knew
Wherein they fail'd, what Isaac's love would do;
That he the grog and cabin would supply,
Where George at anchor during life would lie."
The landman read—and, reading grew distress'd:—
"Could he resolve t' admit so poor a guest?
Better at Greenwich might the sailor stay,

Unless his purse could for his comforts pay."
So Isaac judged, and to his wife appeal'd,
But yet acknowledged it was best to yield:
"Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain
Due or unsquander'd may the man maintain;
Refuse we must not."—With a heavy sigh
The lady heard, and made her kind reply:—
"Nor would I wish it, Isaac, were we sure
How long this crazy building will endure;
Like an old house, that every day appears
About to fall, he may be propp'd for years;
For a few months, indeed, we might comply,
But these old batter'd fellows never die."
The hand of Isaac, George on entering took,
With love and resignation in his look;
Declared his comfort in the fortune past,
And joy to find his anchor safely cast:
"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,
And I will tell them how the ship was fought."
Alas! our simple seaman should have known
That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,
Were from his brother's heart, if not his memory, flown:
All swept away, to be perceived no more,
Like idle structures on the sandy shore,
The chance amusement of the playful boy,
That the rude billows in their rage destroy.
Poor George confess'd, though loth the truth to find,
Slight was his knowledge of a brother's mind:

The vulgar pipe was to the wife offence,
The frequent grog to Isaac an expense;
Would friends like hers, she question'd, "choose to
come
Where clouds of poison'd fume defiled a room?
This could their lady friend, and Burgess Steel
(Teased with his worship's asthma), bear to feel?
Could they associate or converse with him—
A loud rough sailor with a timber limb?"
Cold as he grew, still Isaac strove to show,
By well-feign'd care, that cold he could not grow;
And when he saw his brother look distress'd,
He strove some petty comforts to suggest;
On his wife solely their neglect to lay,
And then t' excuse it, is a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sicken'd at the scent of smoke.
George, though in doubt, was still consoled to find
His brother wishing to be reckon'd kind:
That Isaac seem'd concern'd by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear
To stories all were once intent to hear:
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea;
But George indeed—for George they call'd the boy,
When his good uncle was their boast and joy—
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep,
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried—"That man will teach

The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judged the father—and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.
The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne ;
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah ! brother Isaac ! What ! I'm in the way !"
"No ! on my credit, look ye, no ! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms—in short, we must comply :
My spouse had money—she must have her will—
Ah ! brother, marriage is a bitter pill."
George tried the lady—"Sister, I offend."
"Me ?" she replied—"Oh no ! you may depend
On my regard—but watch your brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey."
"Ah !" thought the seaman, "what a head was mine,
That easy berth at Greenwich to resign !
I'll to the parish"—but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.
Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow—but he felt the more :
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.
When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependant's fate ;
"Brother !" said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compell'd to use :
My wife's relations—(curse the haughty crew !)—

Affect such niceness, and such dread of you :
You speak so loud—and they have natures soft—
Brother—I wish—do go upon the loft ! "
  Poor George obey'd, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed :
But more was yet required, for guests were come,
Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
It shock'd his spirit to be esteem'd unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit ;
He grew rebellious—at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid—they heard it as a joke :
" So kind a brother, and so wealthy—you
Apply to us ?—No ! this will never do :
Good neighbour Fletcher," said the Overseer,
" We are engaged—you can have nothing here ! '
  George mutter'd something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone ;
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed ;
Yet was he pleased that hours for play design'd
Were given to ease his ever troubled mind ;
The child still listen'd with increasing joy,
And he was soothed by the attentive boy.
  At length he sicken'd, and this duteous child
Watch'd o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled ;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again ;
And now his tales the sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold :
The tender boy came often to entreat

His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
Purloin'd or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouch'd that to his uncle came;
Who, sick in body and in mind, received
The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.
"Uncle will die!" said George:—the piteous wife
Exclaim'd, "she saw no value in his life;
But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
And go no more to your complaining friend."
The boy was vex'd, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree.—What! punish'd for his love!
No! he would go, but softly, to the room
Stealing in silence—for he knew his doom.
Once in a week the father came to say,
"George, are you ill?" and hurried him away;
Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"
And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.
But, truly kind, the gentle boy essay'd
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing—yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, "Away! How! brother, I'm surprised
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursèd stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?

What ! sullen !—ha ! George Fletcher ! you shall
see,
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me !"
He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cool'd and felt some qualms of discontent :
And thought on times when he compell'd his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one ;
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose, in vain.
George yet stole up ; he saw his uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh ;
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distress'd ;
Then watch'd his time, but, with a child-like art,
Betray'd a something treasured at his heart :
Th' observant wife remark'd, " The boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own :
So close and sullen ! and I still suspect
They often meet :—do watch them and detect."
George now remark'd that all was still as night,
And hasten'd up with terror and delight ;
" Uncle ! " he cried, and softly tapp'd the door,
" Do let me in "—but he could add no more ;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried,—" You serpent ! is it thus you act ?
Back to your mother ! " and, with hasty blow,
He sent th' indignant boy to grieve below ;
Then at the door an angry speech began—
" Is this your conduct ? Is it thus you plan ?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene

Of vile dispute——What is it that you mean?
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your
friends,
And think a while on whom your bread depends.
What! not a word? be thankful I am cool—
But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool.
Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
By this rebellion?—Speak, you villain, speak!
Weeping, I warrant—sorrow makes you dumb:
I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come:
Let me approach—I'll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog——Oh God! my brother's
dead!"

Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last:
Nor did he mean his brother to depart
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induced by av'rice, peevishness, or pride.

But now awaken'd, from this fatal time
His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
He raised to George a monumental stone,
And there retired to sigh and think alone;
An ague seized him, he grew pale, and shook—
"So," said his son, "would my poor uncle look."
"And so, my child, shall I like him expire."
"No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
"Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied."
He view'd his brother now, but not as one

Who vex'd his wife by fondness for her son ;
Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale :
He now the worth and grief alone can view
Of one so mild, so generous, and so true ;
"The frank, kind brother, with such open heart,—
And I to break it——'twas a demon's part !"
So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,
Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals ;
"This is your folly," said his heartless wife :
"Alas ! my folly cost my brother's life ;
It suffer'd him to languish and decay—
My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away !"
He takes his son, and bids the boy unfold
All the good uncle of his feelings told,
All he lamented—and the ready tear
Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieved to hear.
"Did he not curse me, child?"—"He never cursed,
But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst."
"And so will mine :"—"Then, father, you must pray :
My uncle said it took his pains away."
Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honours, gain ;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain :

"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove;
They made me cold to nature, dead to love."
He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office—see him now,
And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possess'd,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest—
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best.
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life—without a wish to die.

THE ELECTION.

YES, our election's past, and we've been free,
Somewhat as madmen without keepers be ;
And such desire of freedom has been shown,
That both the parties wish'd her all their own ;
All our free smiths and cobblers in the town
Were loth to lay such pleasant freedom down ;
To put the bludgeon and cockade aside,
And let us pass unhurt and undefied.
  True ! you might then your party's sign produce,
And so escape with only half th' abuse :
With half the danger as you walk'd along,
With rage and threat'ning but from half the throng.
This you might do, and not your fortune mend,
For where you lost a foe you gain'd a friend ;
And to distress you, vex you, and expose,
Election friends are worse than any foes ;
The party-curse is with the canvass past,
But party-friendship, for your grief will last.
  Friends of all kinds ; the civil and the rude,
Who humbly wish, or boldly dare t' intrude ;
These beg or take a liberty to come

(Friends should be free), and make your house their
home;
They know that warmly you their cause espouse,
And come to make their boastings and their bows;
You scorn their manners, you their words mistrust,
But you must hear them, and they know you must.
One plainly sees a friendship firm and true,
Between the noble candidate and you;
So humbly begs (and states at large the case),
"You'll think of Bobby and the little place."
Stifling his shame by drink, a wretch will come,
And prate your wife and daughter from the room:
In pain you hear him, and at heart despise,
Yet with heroic mind your pangs disguise;
And still in patience to the sot attend,
To show what man can bear to serve a friend.
One enters hungry—not to be denied,
And takes his place and jokes—"We're of a side."
Yet worse the proser who, upon the strength
Of his one vote, has tales of three hours' length;
This sorry rogue you bear, yet with surprise
Start at his oaths, and sicken at his lies.
Then comes there one, and tells in friendly way,
What the opponents in their anger say;
All that through life has vex'd you, all abuse,
Will this kind friend in pure regard produce;
And having through your own offences run,
Adds (as appendage) what your friends have done.
Has any female cousin made a trip
To Gretna Green, or more vexatious slip:

Has your wife's brother, or your uncle's son,
Done aught amiss, or is he thought t' have done ;
Is there of all your kindred some who lack
Vision direct, or have a gibbous back ;
From your unlucky name may quips and puns
Be made by these upbraiding Goths and Huns ;
To some great public character have you
Assign'd the fame to worth and talents due,
Proud of your praise?—In this, in any case,
Where the brute-spirit may affix disgrace,
These friends will smiling bring it, and the while
You silent sit, and practise for a smile.

Vain of their power, and of their value sure,
They nearly guess the tortures you endure ;
Nor spare one pang—for they perceive your heart
Goes with the cause ; you'd die before you'd start ;
Do what they may, they're sure you'll not offend
Men who have pledged their honours to your friend.

Those friends indeed, who start as in a race,
May love the sport, and laugh at this disgrace ;
They have in view the glory and the prize,
Nor heed the dirty steps by which they rise :
But we, their poor associates, lose the fame,
Though more than partners in the toil and shame.

Were this the whole ; and did the time produce
But shame and toil, but riot and abuse ;
We might be then from serious griefs exempt,
And view the whole with pity and contempt.
Alas ! but here the vilest passions rule ;
It is seduction's, is temptation's school ;

Where vices mingle in the oddest ways,
The grossest slander and the dirtiest praise;
Flattery enough to make the vainest sick,
And clumsy stratagem, and scoundrel trick:
Nay more, your anger and contempt to cause,
These, while they fish for profit, claim applause:
Bribed, bought, and bound, they banish shame and fear;
Tell you they're stanch, and have a soul sincere;
Then talk of honour, and, if doubt's express'd,
Show where it lies, and smite upon the breast.
Among these worthies, some at first declare
For whom they vote: he then has most to spare:
Others hang off—when coming to the post
Is spurring time, and then he'll spare the most:
While some demurring, wait and find at last
The bidding languish, and the market past;
These will affect all bribery to condemn,
And be it Satan laughs, he laughs at them.
Some too are pious—One desired the Lord
To teach him where "to drop his little word;
To lend his vote where it will profit best;
Promotion came not from the east or west;
But as their freedom had promoted some,
He should be glad to know which way 'twould come.
It was a naughty world, and where to sell
His precious charge, was more than he could tell."
"But you succeeded?"—True, at mighty cost,
And our good friend, I fear, will think he's lost;

Inns, horses, chaises, dinners, balls, and notes;
What fill'd their purses, and what drench'd their throats:
The private pension, and indulgent lease,—
Have all been granted to these friends who fleece;
Friends who will hang like burs upon his coat,
And boundless judge the value of a vote.

And though the terrors of the time be past,
There still remain the scatterings of the blast:
The boughs are parted that entwined before,
And ancient harmony exists no more;
The gusts of wrath our peaceful seats deform,
And sadly flows the sighing of the storm:
Those who have gain'd are sorry for the gloom,
But they who lost, unwilling peace should come;
There open envy, here suppress'd delight,
Yet live till time shall better thoughts excite,
And so prepare us, by a six-years' truce,
Again for riot, insult, and abuse.

THE MOTHER.

THERE was a worthy, but a simple pair,
Who nursed a daughter, fairest of the fair:
Sons they had lost, and she alone remain'd,
Heir to the kindness they had all obtain'd,
Heir to the fortune they design'd for all,
Nor had th' allotted portion then been small;
But now, by fate enrich'd with beauty rare,
They watch'd their treasure with peculiar care:
The fairest features they could early trace,
And, blind with love, saw merit in her face—
Saw virtue, wisdom, dignity, and grace.
By nature cold, our heiress stoop'd to art,
To gain the credit of a tender heart.
Hence at her door must suppliant paupers stand,
To bless the bounty of her beauteous hand:
And now, her education all complete,
She talk'd of virtuous love and union sweet;
She was indeed by no soft passion moved,
But wish'd with all her soul to be beloved.
Here, on the favour'd beauty fortune smiled;
Her chosen husband was a man so mild,

So humbly temper'd, so intent to please,
It quite distress'd her to remain at ease,
Without a cause to sigh, without pretence to tease:
She tried his patience in a thousand modes,
And tired it not upon the roughest roads.
Pleasure she sought, and disappointed, sigh'd
For joys, she said, "to her alone denied;"
And she was sure "her parents, if alive,
Would many comforts for their child contrive."
The gentle husband bade her name him one;
"No—that," she answer'd, "should for her be done;
How could she say what pleasures were around?
But she was certain many might be found."
"Would she some seaport, Weymouth, Scarborough, grace?"—
"He knew she hated every watering-place."
"The town?"—"What! now 'twas empty, joyless, dull?"
"In winter?"—"No; she liked it worse when full."
She talk'd of building—"Would she plan a room?"—
"No! she could live, as he desired, in gloom."
"Call then our friends and neighbours."—"He might call,
And they might come and fill his ugly hall;
A noisy vulgar set, he knew she scorn'd them all."
"Then might their two dear girls the time employ,
And their improvement yield a solid joy."—
"Solid indeed! and heavy—oh! the bliss
Of teaching letters to a lisping miss!"

"My dear, my gentle Dorothea, say,
Can I oblige you?"—"You may go away."
Twelve heavy years this patient soul sustain'd
This wasp's attacks, and then her praise obtain'd,
Graved on a marble tomb, where he at peace remain'd.

THE PARISH CLERK.

WITH our late Vicar, and his age the same,
His clerk, hight *Jachin*, to his office came;
The like slow speech was his, the like tall slender
frame:
But Jachin was the gravest man on ground,
And heard his master's jokes with look profound;
For worldly wealth this man of letters sigh'd,
And had a sprinkling of the spirit's pride:
But he was sober, chaste, devout, and just,
One whom his neighbours could believe and trust:
Of none suspected; neither man nor maid
By him were wrong'd, or were of him afraid.
There was indeed a frown, a trick of state,
In Jachin;—formal was his air and gait:
But if he seem'd more solemn and less kind,
Than some light men to light affairs confined,
Still 'twas allow'd that be should so behave
As in high seat, and be severely grave.
This book-taught man, to man's first foe profess'd
Defiance stern, and hate that knew not rest;
He held that Satan, since the world began,

In every act, had strife with every man ;
That never evil deed on earth was done,
But of the acting parties he was one ;
The flattering guide to make ill prospects clear ;
To smooth rough ways the constant pioneer ;
The ever-tempting, soothing, softening power,
Ready to cheat, seduce, deceive, devour.
" Me has the sly Seducer oft withstood,"
Said pious Jachin, " but he gets no good ;
I pass the house where swings the tempting sign,
And pointing, tell him, ' Satan, that is thine : '
I pass the damsels pacing down the street,
And look more grave and solemn when we meet ;
Nor doth it irk me to rebuke their smiles,
Their wanton ambling, and their watchful wiles :
Nay, like the good John Bunyan, when I view
Those forms, I'm angry at the ills they do ;
That I could pinch and spoil, in sin's despite,
Beauties, which frail and evil thoughts excite.*
" At feasts and banquets seldom am I found,
And save at church abhor a tuneful sound ;
To plays and shows I run not to and fro,
And where my master goes, forbear to go."
No wonder Satan took the thing amiss,
To be opposed by such a man as this—
A man so grave, important, cautious, wise,
Who dared not trust his feeling or his eyes ;

* John Bunyan, in one of the many productions of his zeal, has ventured to make public this extraordinary sentiment, which the frigid piety of our clerk so readily adopted.

No wonder he should lurk and lie in wait,
Should fit his hooks and ponder on his bait!
Should on his movements keep a watchful eye;
For he pursued a fish who led the fry.
With his own peace our clerk was not content;
He tried, good man! to make his friends repent.
"Nay, nay, my friends, from inns and taverns fly;
You may suppress your thirst, but not supply:
A foolish proverb says 'the devil's at home;'
But he is there, and tempts in every room:
Men feel, they know not why, such places please;
His are the spells—they're idleness and ease;
Magic of fatal kind he throws around,
Where care is banish'd, but the heart is bound.
"Think not of beauty; when a maid you meet,
Turn from her view and step across the street;
Dread all the sex: their looks create a charm,
A smile should fright you and a word alarm:
E'en I myself, with all my watchful care,
Have for an instant felt the insidious snare,
And caught my sinful eyes at the endang'ring stare;
Till I was forced to smite my bounding breast
With forceful blow, and bid the bold one rest.
"Go not with crowds when they to pleasure run,
But public joy in private safety shun.
When bells, diverted from their true intent,
Ring loud for some deluded mortal sent
To hear or make long speech in parliament;
What time the many, that unruly beast,
Roars its rough joy and shares the final feast;

Then heed my counsel, shut thine ears and eyes ;
A few will hear me—for the few are wise."
Not Satan's friends, nor Satan's self could bear,
The cautious man who took of souls such care ;
An interloper,—one who, out of place,
Had volunteer'd upon the side of grace :
There was his master ready once a week
To give advice ; what further need he seek ?
" Amen, so be it ; " what had he to do
With more than this ?—'twas insolent and new ;
And some determined on a way to see
How frail he was, that so it might not be.
First they essay'd to tempt our saint to sin,
By points of doctrine argued at an inn ;
Where he might warmly reason, deeply drink,
Then lose all power to argue and to think.
In vain they tried ; he took the question up,
Clear'd every doubt, and barely touch'd the cup :
By many a text he proved his doctrine sound,
And look'd in triumph on the tempters round.
Next 'twas their care an artful lass to find,
Who might consult him as perplex'd in mind ;
She they conceived might put her case with fears,
With tender tremblings and seducing tears ;
She might such charms of various kind display,
That he would feel their force and melt away :
For why of nymphs such caution and such dread,
Unless he felt, and fear'd to be misled !
She came, she spake : he calmly heard her case,
And plainly told her 'twas a want of grace ;

Bade her "such fancies and affections check,
And wear a thicker muslin on her neck."
Abased, his human foes the combat fled,
And the stern clerk yet higher held his head.
They were indeed a weak, impatient set,
But their shrewd prompter had his engines yet;
Had various means to make a mortal trip,
Who shunn'd a flowing bowl and rosy lip;
And knew a thousand ways his heart to move,
Who flies from banquets and who laughs at love.
Thus far the playful Muse has lent her aid,
But now departs, of graver theme afraid;
How may we seek in more appropriate time,—
There is no jesting with distress and crime.
Our worthy clerk had now arrived at fame,
Such as but few in his degree might claim;
But he was poor, and wanted not the sense
That lowly rates the praise without the pence;
He saw the common herd with reverence treat
The weakest burgess whom they chanced to meet;
While few respected his exalted views,
And all beheld his doublet and his shoes:
None, when they meet, would to his parts allow
(Save his poor boys) a hearing or a bow:
To this false judgment of the vulgar mind,
He was not fully, as a saint, resign'd;
He found it much his jealous soul affect,
To fear derision and to find neglect.
The year was bad, the christening fees were small,
The weddings few, the parties paupers all;

Desire of gain with fear of want combined,
Raised sad commotion in his wounded mind;
Wealth was in all his thoughts, his views, his dreams,
And prompted base desires and baseless schemes.
Alas! how often erring mortals keep
The strongest watch against the foes who sleep;
While the more wakeful, bold, and artful foe
Is suffer'd guardless and unmark'd to go.
Once in a month the sacramental bread
Our clerk with wine upon the table spread:
The custom this, that as the vicar reads,
He for our off'rings round the church proceeds:
Tall spacious seats the wealthier people hid,
And none had view of what his neighbour did:
Laid on the box and mingled when they fell,
Who should the worth of each oblation tell?
Now as poor Jachin took the usual round,
And saw the alms and heard the metal sound,
And had a thought—at first it was no more
Than—"These have cash, and give it to the poor."
A second thought from this to work began—
"And can they give it to a poorer man?"
Proceeding thus, "My merit could they know,
And knew my need, how freely they'd bestow;
But though they know not, these remain the same,
And are a strong, although a secret claim:
To me, alas! the want and worth are known;
Why, then, in fact, 'tis but to take my own."
Thought after thought pour'd in, a tempting train;—

"Suppose it done,—who is it could complain?
How could the poor? for they such trifles share,
As add no comfort, as suppress no care;
But many a pittance makes a worthy heap,—
What says the law? that silence puts to sleep:
Nought then forbids, the danger could we shun,
And sure the business may be safely done.
"But am I earnest?—earnest? No—I say,
If such my mind, that I could plan a way;
Let me reflect; I've not allow'd me time
To purse the pieces, and if dropp'd they'd chime."
Fertile is evil in the soul of man;—
He paused: said Jachin, "They may drop on bran.
Why then 'tis safe and (all consider'd) just,
The poor receive it,—'tis no breach of trust:
The old and widows may their trifles miss,
There must be evil in a good like this:
But I'll be kind—the sick I'll visit twice,
When now but once, and freely give advice.
Yet let me think again." Again he tried
For stronger reasons on his passion's side,
And quickly these were found, yet slowly he complied.
The morning came: the common service done,
Shut every door,—the solemn rite begun,
And, as the priest the sacred sayings read,
The clerk went forward, trembling as he tread:
O'er the tall pew he held the box, and heard
The offer'd piece, rejoicing as he fear'd:
Just by the pillar, as he cautious tripp'd,
And turn'd the aisle, he then a portion slipp'd

From the full store, and to the pocket sent,
But held a moment—and then down it went.
The priest read on, on walk'd the man afraid,
Till a gold offering in the plate was laid :
Trembling he took it, for a moment stopp'd,
Then down it fell, and sounded as it dropp'd ;
Amazed he started, for th' affrighted man,
Lost and bewilder'd, thought not of the bran.
But all were silent, all on things intent,
Of high concern, none ear to money lent.
So on he walk'd, more cautious than before,
And gain'd the purposed sum and one piece more.
"Practice makes perfect :" when the month came round,
He dropp'd the cash, nor listen'd for a sound :
But yet, when last of all th' assembled flock,
He ate and drank,—it gave th' electric shock :
Oft was he forced his reasons to repeat,
Ere he could kneel in quiet at his seat ;
But custom soothed him—ere a single year
All this was done without restraint or fear :
Cool and collected, easy and composed,
He was correct till all the service closed ;
Then to his home, without a groan or sigh,
Gravely he went, and laid his treasure by.
Want will complain : some widows had express'd
A doubt if they were favour'd like the rest ;
The rest described with like regret their dole,
And thus from parts they reason'd to the whole :
When all agreed some evil must be done,

Or rich men's hearts grew harder than a stone.
Our easy vicar cut the matter short;
He would not listen to such vile report.
All were not thus: there govern'd in that year
A stern stout churl, an angry overseer;
A tyrant fond of power, loud, lewd, and most severe.
Him the mild vicar, him the graver clerk,
Advised, reproved, but nothing would he mark,
Save the disgrace; "and that, my friends," said he,
"Will I avenge, whenever time may be."
And now, alas! 'twas time:—from man to man
Doubt and alarm and shrewd supicions ran.
With angry spirit and with sly intent,
This parish ruler to the altar went:
A private mark he fix'd on shillings three,
And but one mark could in the money see:
Besides, in peering round, he chanced to note
A sprinkling slight on Jachin's Sunday coat:
All doubt was over:—when the flock were bless'd,
In wrath he rose, and thus his mind express'd:—
"Foul deeds are here!" and saying this, he took
The clerk, whose conscience, in her cold-fit, shook:
His pocket then was emptied on the place;
All saw his guilt; all witness'd his disgrace:
He fell, he fainted; not a groan, a look,
Escaped the culprit; 'twas a final stroke—
A death-wound never to be heal'd—a fall
That all had witness'd, and amazed were all.
As he recover'd, to his mind it came,

"I owe to Satan this disgrace and shame;"
All the seduction now appear'd in view;
"Let me withdraw," he said, and he withdrew:
No one withheld him, all in union cried,
E'en the avenger,—"We are satisfied:"
For what has death in any form to give,
Equal to that man's terrors, if he live?
He lived in freedom, but he hourly saw
How much more fatal justice is than law;
He saw another in his office reign,
And his mild master treat him with disdain:
He saw that all men shunn'd him, some reviled,
The harsh pass'd frowning, and the simple smiled;
The town maintain'd him, but with some reproof,
"And clerks and scholars proudly kept aloof."
In each lone place, dejected and dismay'd,
Shrinking from view, his wasting form he laid;
Or to the restless sea and roaring wind
Gave the strong yearnings of a ruin'd mind:
On the broad beach, the silent summer-day,
Stretch'd on some wreck, he wore his life away;
Or where the river mingles with the sea,
Or on the mud-bank by the elder-tree,
Or by the bounding marsh-dike, there was he;
And when unable to forsake the town,
In the blind courts he sat desponding down—
Always alone: then feebly would he crawl
The church-way walk, and lean upon the wall:
Too ill for this, he lay beside the door,
Compell'd to hear the reasoning of the poor:

He look'd so pale, so weak, the pitying crowd
Their firm belief of his repentance vow'd;
They saw him then so ghastly and so thin,
That they exclaim'd, "Is this the work of sin?"
"Yes," in his better moments, he replied,
"Of sinful avarice and the spirit's pride;—
While yet untempted, I was safe and well;
Temptation came; I reason'd, and I fell:
To be man's guide and glory I design'd,
A rare example for our sinful kind;
But now my weakness and my guilt I see,
And am a warning—man, be warn'd by me!"
He said, and saw no more the human face;
To a lone loft he went, his dying place,
And as the vicar of his state inquired,
Turn'd to the wall and silently expired!

THE RETURN.

In an autumnal eve he left the beach,
In such an eve he chanced the port to reach:
He was alone; he press'd the very place
Of the sad parting, of the last embrace:
There stood his parents, there retired the maid,
So fond, so tender, and so much afraid;
And on that spot, through many a year, his mind
Turn'd mournful back, half sinking, half resign'd.
No one was present; of its crew bereft,
A single boat was in the billows left;
Sent from some anchor'd vessel in the bay,
At the returning tide to sail away.
O'er the black stern the moonlight softly play'd,
The loosen'd foresail flapping in the shade;
All silent else on shore; but from the town
A drowsy peal of distant bells came down:
From the tall houses, here and there, a light
Served some confused remembrance to excite:
"There," he observed, and new emotions felt,
"Was my first home—and yonder Judith dwelt;
Dead, dead are all—I long—I fear to know!"
He said, and walk'd impatient, and yet slow.

THE PARLOUR.

WITHIN that fair apartment guests might see
The comforts cull'd for wealth by vanity:
Around the room an Indian paper blazed,
With lively tint and figures boldly raised;
Silky and soft upon the floor below,
Th' elastic carpet rose with crimson glow;
All things around implied both cost and care,
What met the eye was elegant or rare;
Some curious trifles round the room were laid,
By hope presented to the wealthy maid;
Within a costly case of varnish'd wood,
In level rows, her polish'd volumes stood;
Shown as a favour to a chosen few,
To prove what beauty for a book could do:
A silver urn with curious work was fraught;
A silver lamp from Grecian pattern wrought:
Above her head, all gorgeous to behold,
A time-piece stood on feet of burnish'd gold;
A stag's-head crest adorn'd the pictured case,
Through the pure crystal shone the enamell'd face;
And while on brilliants moved the hands of steel,
It click'd from prayer to prayer, from meal to meal.

BOOKS.

BUT what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This BOOKS can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.
  Come, Child of Care! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene;
Survey the dome, and as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure, in all her cares, behold!
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic the diseased in mind;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage;

See coolers here that damp the fire of rage ;
Here alt'ratives, by slow degrees control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
And round the heart and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude :—
Silent they are ; but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound ;
Here all that live no more ; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.

Blest be the gracious Power who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind !
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring ;
But Man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend ;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.

NATHAN KIRK.

By no such rule would Gaffer Kirk be tried ;
First in the year he led a blooming bride,
And stood a wither'd elder at her side.
Oh ! Nathan ! Nathan ! at thy years trepann'd,
To take a wanton harlot by the hand !
Thou, who wert used so tartly to express
Thy sense of matrimonial happiness,
Till every youth, whose banns at church were read,
Strove not to meet, or meeting, hung his head ;
And every lass forbore at thee to look,
A sly old fish, too cunning for the hook ;
And now at sixty, that pert dame to see
Of all thy savings mistress, and of thee ;
Now will the lads, rememb'ring insults past,
Cry, " What, the wise one in the trap at last ! "
Fie ! Nathan ! fie ! to let an artful jade
The close recesses of thine heart invade ;
What grievous pangs, what suffering she'll impart !
And fill with anguish that rebellious heart ;
For thou wilt strive incessantly, in vain,
By threatening speech thy freedom to regain :

But she for conquest married, nor will prove
A dupe to thee, thine anger or thy love;
Clamorous her tongue will be:—of either sex,
She'll gather friends around thee and perplex
Thy doubtful soul;—thy money she will waste
In the vain ramblings of a vulgar taste;
And will be happy to exert her power,
In every eye, in thine, at every hour.
Then wilt thou bluster—"No! I will not rest,
And see consumed each shilling of my chest:"
Thou wilt be valiant—"When thy cousins call,
I will abuse, and shut my door on all:"
Thou wilt be cruel!—"What the law allows,
That be thy portion, my ungrateful spouse!
Nor other shillings shalt thou then receive;
And when I die—What! may I this believe?
Are these true tender tears? and does my Kitty grieve?
Ah! crafty vixen, thine old man has fears;
But weep no more! I'm melted by thy tears:
Spare but my money; thou shalt rule *me* still,
And see thy cousins:—there! I burn the will."

CONSOLATION.

TWIN infants then appear ; a girl, a boy,
Th' overflowing cup of Gerard Ablett's joy :
One had I named in every year that pass'd
Since Gerard wed ; and twins behold at last !
Well pleased, the bridegroom smiled to hear—"A vine
Fruitful and spreading round the walls be thine,
And branch-like be thine offspring !"—Gerard then
Look'd joyful love, and softly said "Amen."
Now of that vine he'd have no more increase,
Those playful branches now disturb his peace :
Them he beholds around his tables spread,
But finds, the more the branch, the less the bread ;
And while they run his humble walls about,
They keep the sunshine of good humour out.
Cease, man, to grieve ! thy master's lot survey,
Whom wife and children, thou and thine obey ;
A farmer proud, beyond a farmer's pride,
Of all around the envy or the guide ;
Who trots to market on a steed so fine,
That when I meet him, I'm ashamed of mine ;

Whose board is high upheap'd with generous fare,
Which five stout sons and three tall daughters share.
Cease, man, to grieve, and listen to his care.
A few years fled, and all thy boys shall be
Lords of a cot, and labourers like thee :
Thy girls unportion'd neighb'ring youth shall lead
Brides from my church, and thenceforth thou art freed :
But then thy master shall of cares complain,
Care after care, a long connected train ;
His sons for farms shall ask a large supply,
For farmers' sons each gentle miss shall sigh ;
Thy mistress, reasoning well of life's decay,
Shall ask a chaise, and hardly brook delay ;
The smart young cornet, who with so much grace
Rode in the ranks and betted at the race,
While the vex'd parent rails at deeds so rash,
Shall d—n his luck, and stretch his hand for cash.
Sad troubles, Gerard ! now pertain to thee,
When thy rich master seems from trouble free ;
But 'tis one fate at different times assign'd,
And thou shalt lose the cares that he must find.

GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

GWYN was a farmer, whom the farmers all,
Who dwelt around, "the *Gentleman*" would call;
Whether in pure humility or pride,
They only knew, and they would not decide.
Far different he from that dull plodding tribe,
Whom it was his amusement to describe;
Creatures no more enliven'd than a clod,
But treading still as their dull fathers trod;
Who lived in times when not a man had seen
Corn sown by drill, or thresh'd by a machine:
He was of those whose skill assigns the prize
For creatures fed in pens, and stalls, and sties;
And who, in places where improvers meet,
To fill the land with fatness, had a seat;
Who in large mansions live like petty kings,
And speak of farms but as amusing things;
Who plans encourage, and who journals keep,
And talk with lords about a breed of sheep.
Two are the species in this genus known;
One, who is rich in his profession grown,
Who yearly finds his ample stores increase,

From fortune's favours and a favouring lease ;
Who rides his hunter, who his house adorns ;
Who drinks his wine, and his disbursements scorns ;
Who freely lives, and loves to show he can,—
This is the farmer made the gentleman.
The second species from the world is sent,
Tired with its strife, or with his wealth content;
In books and men beyond the former read,
To farming solely by a passion led,
Or by a fashion ; curious in his land ;
Now planning much, now changing what he plann'd ;
Pleased by each trial, not by failures vex'd,
And ever certain to succeed the next ;
Quick to resolve, and easy to persuade,—
This is the gentleman a farmer made.

COTTAGE GARDENS.

To every cot the lord's indulgent mind
Has a small space for garden-ground assign'd ;
Here—till return of morn, dismiss'd the farm—
The careful peasant plies the sinewy arm,
Warm'd as he works, and casts his look around
On every foot of that improving ground :
It is his own he sees ; his master's eye
Peers not about, some secret fault to spy ;
Nor voice severe is there, nor censure known ;—
Hope, profit, pleasure,—they are all his own.
Here grow the humble cives, and hard by them,
The leek with crown globose and reedy stem ;
High climb his pulse in many an even row,
Deep strike the ponderous roots in soil below ;
And herbs of potent spell and pungent taste
Give a warm relish to the night's repast.
Apples and cherries grafted by his hand,
And cluster'd nuts for neighbouring market stand.
  Nor thus concludes his labour : near the cot,
The reed-fence rises round some fav'rite spot,
Where rich carnations, pinks with purple eyes,

Proud hyacinths, the least some florists prize,
Tulips tall-stemm'd and pounced auriculas rise.
Here on a Sunday eve, when service ends,
Meet and rejoice a family of friends;
All speak aloud, are happy and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree.
What, though fastidious ears may shun the speech,
Where all are talkers, and where none can teach;
Where still the welcome and the words are old,
And the same stories are for ever told;
Yet theirs is joy, that bursting from the heart,
Prompts the glad tongue these nothings to impart;
That forms these tones of gladness we despise,
That lifts their steps, that sparkles in their eyes;
That talks, or laughs, or runs, or shouts, or plays,
And speaks in all their looks and all their ways.

FAILURE.

THERE is a debtor, who his trifling *all*
Spreads in a shop ; it would not fill a stall :
There at one window his temptation lays,
And in new modes disposes and displays :
Above the door you shall his name behold,
And what he vends in ample letters told,
The words "Repository," "Warehouse," all
He uses to enlarge concerns so small :
He to his goods assigns some beauty's name,
Then in her reign, and hopes they'll share her fame,
And talks of credit, commerce, traffic, trade,
As one important by their profit made ;
But who can paint the vacancy, the gloom,
And spare dimensions of one backward room?
Wherein he dines, if so 'tis fit to speak
Of one day's herring and the morrow's steak :
An anchorite in diet, all his care
Is to display his stock and vend his ware.
Long waiting hopeless, then he tries to meet
A kinder fortune in a distant street ;
There he again displays, increasing yet

Corroding sorrow and consuming debt :
Alas ! he wants the requisites to rise—
The true connections, the availing ties :
They who proceed on certainties advance,—
These are not times when men prevail by chance ;
But still he tries, till, after years of pain,
He finds, with anguish, he has tried in vain.
Debtors are these on whom 'tis hard to press,
'Tis base, impolitic, and merciless.

A WORLDLY BOOKSELLER.

"SEE with what pride thou hast enlarged thy shop;
To view thy tempting stores the heedless stop.
By what strange names dost thou these baubles know,
Which wantons wear, to make a sinful show?
Hast thou in view these idle volumes placed
To be the pander of a vicious taste?
What's here! a book of dances! you advance
In goodly knowledge—John, wilt learn to dance?
How! '*Go,*' it says, and '*to the Devil go!*
'*And shake thyself!*' I tremble—but 'tis so.
Wretch as thou art, what answer canst thou make?
Oh! without question *thou* wilt go and shake.
What's here? 'The School for Scandal'—pretty
schools!
Well, and art thou proficient in the rules?
Art thou a pupil? Is it thy design
To make our names contemptible as thine?
'*Old Nick, a Novel!*' oh! 'tis mighty well—
A fool has courage when he laughs at hell;
'Frolic and Fun;' the 'Humours of Tim Grin;'
Why, John, thou grow'st facetious in thy sin;

And what?—'*The Archdeacon's Charge!*'—'tis mighty
well—
If Satan publish'd, thou wouldst doubtless sell:
Jests, novels, dances, and this precious stuff
To crown thy folly—we have seen enough;
We find thee fitted for each evil work:
Do print the Koran and become a Turk."

LAWYER ARCHER.

YET, I repeat, there are who nobly strive
To keep the sense of moral worth alive;
Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to live
On what deception and chican'ry give;
And these at length succeed; they have their strife,
Their apprehensions, stops, and rubs in life;
But honour, application, care and skill,
Shall bend opposing fortune to their will.
Of such is *Archer*, he who keeps in awe
Contending parties by his threats of law:
He, roughly honest, has been long a guide
In Borough business, on the conquering side;
And seen so much of both sides, and so long,
He thinks the bias of man's mind goes wrong:
Thus, though he's friendly, he is still severe,
Surly, though kind, suspiciously sincere:
So much he's seen of baseness in the mind,
That, while a friend to man, he scorns mankind;
He knows the human heart, and sees with dread,
By slight temptation, how the strong are led;
He knows how interest can asunder rend
The bond of parent, master, guardian, friend,

To form a new and a degrading tie
'Twixt needy vice and tempting villany.
Sound in himself, yet when such flaws appear,
He doubts of all, and learns that self to fear :
For where so dark the moral view is grown,
A timid conscience trembles for her own ;
The pitchy taint of general vice is such
As daubs the fancy, and you dread the touch.

ELECTION HUMOURS.

A PEEVISH humour swells in every eye,
The warm are angry, and the cool are shy;
There is no more the social board at whist,
The good old partners are with scorn dismiss'd;
No more with dog and lantern comes the maid,
To guide the mistress when the rubber's play'd;
Sad shifts are made lest ribbons blue and green
Should at one table, at one time, be seen:
On care and merit none will now rely,
'Tis party sells what party-friends must buy;
The warmest burgess wears a bodger's coat,
And fashion gains less int'rest than a vote;
Uncheck'd the vintner still his poison vends,
For he too votes, and can command his friends.
  But this admitted; be it still agreed,
These ill effects from noble cause proceed;
Though like some vile excrescences they be,
The tree they spring from is a sacred tree,
And its true produce, strength and liberty.
  Yet if we could th' attendant ills suppress,
If we could make the sum of mischief less;

If we could warm and angry men persuade
No more man's common comforts to invade;
And that old ease and harmony re seat,
In all our meetings, so in joy to meet;
Much would of glory to the Muse ensue,
And our good Vicar would have less to do.

RESENTMENT.

THE busy people of a mason's yard
The curious lady view'd with much regard ;
With steady motion she perceived them draw
Through blocks of stone the slowly-working saw ;
It gave her pleasure and surprise to see
Among these men the signs of revelry :
Cold was the season, and confined their view,
Tedious their tasks, but merry were the crew ;
There she beheld an aged pauper wait,
Patient and still, to take an humble freight ;
Within the panniers, on an ass he laid
The ponderous grit, and for the portion paid ;
This he re-sold, and, with each trifling gift,
Made shift to live, and wretched was the shift.
  Nor will it be by every reader told
Who was this humble trader, poor and old.—
In vain an author would a name suppress,
From the least hint a reader learns to guess ;
Of children lost, our novels sometimes treat,
We never care—assured again to meet :
In vain the writer for concealment tries,

We trace his purpose under all disguise;
Nay, though he tells us they are dead and gone,
Of whom we wot, they will appear anon;
Our favourites fight, are wounded, hopeless lie,
Survive they cannot—nay, they cannot die;
Now, as these tricks and stratagems are known,
'Tis best, at once, the simple truth to own.

This was the husband—in an humble shed
He nightly slept, and daily sought his bread:
Once for relief the weary man applied—
"Your wife is rich," the angry vestry cried:
Alas! he dared not to his wife complain,
Feeling her wrongs, and fearing her disdain:
By various methods he had tried to live,
But not one effort would subsistence give;
He was an usher in a school, till noise
Made him less able than the weaker boys;
On messages he went, till he in vain
Strove names, or words, or meanings to retain;
Each small employment in each neighbouring town,
By turn he took, to lay as quickly down:
For, such his fate, he fail'd in all he plann'd,
And nothing prosper'd in his luckless hand.

At his old home, his motive half suppress'd,
He sought no more for riches, but for rest:
There lived the bounteous wife, and at her gate
He saw in cheerful groups the needy wait;
"Had he a right with bolder hope t' apply?"
He ask'd—was answer'd, and went groaning by:
For some remains of spirit, temper, pride,

Forbade a prayer he knew would be denied.
Thus was the grieving man, with burthen'd ass,
Seen day by day along the street to pass:
"Who is he, Susan—who the poor old man?
He never calls—do make him, if you can."
The conscious damsel still delay'd to speak,
She stopp'd confused, and had her words to seek;
From Susan's fears the fact her mistress knew.
And cried—"The wretch! what scheme has he in view?
Is this his lot?—but let him, let him feel—
Who wants the courage, not the will, to steal."
A dreadful winter came, each day severe,
Misty when mild, and icy cold when clear;
And still the humble dealer took his load,
Returning slow, and shivering on the road:
The lady, still relentless, saw him come,
And said—"I wonder has the wretch a home?"
"A hut—a hovel!" "Then his fate appears
To suit his crime."—"Yes lady, not his years;
No! nor his sufferings—nor that form decay'd."
"Well, let the parish give its paupers aid:
You must the vileness of his acts allow."
"And you, dear lady, that he feels it now."
"When such dissemblers on their deeds reflect,
Can they the pity they refused expect?
He that doth evil, evil shall he dread."
"The snow," quoth Susan, "falls upon his bed—
It blows beside the thatch, it melts upon his head."
"'Tis weakness, child, for grieving guilt to feel."

"Yes, but he never sees a wholesome meal;
Through his bare dress appears his shrivell'd skin,
And ill he fares without, and worse within:
With that weak body, lame, diseased, and slow,
What cold, pain, peril, must the sufferer know!"
"Think on his crime."—"Yes sure 'twas very wrong;
But look (God bless him!) how he gropes along."
"Brought me to shame."—"Oh! yes, I know it all—
What cutting blast! and he can scarcely crawl;
He freezes as he moves—he dies if he should fall:
With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet—
And must a Christian perish in the street,
In sight of Christians?—There! at last, he lies;
Nor unsupported can he ever rise.
He cannot live." "But is he fit to die?"
Here Susan softly mutter'd a reply,
Look'd round the room, said something of its state,
Dives the rich, and Lazarus at his gate;
And then aloud—"In pity do behold
The man affrighten'd, weeping, trembling, cold:
Oh! how those flakes of snow their entrance win
Through the poor rags, and keep the frost within.
His very heart seems frozen as he goes,
Leading that starved companion of his woes:
He tried to pray—his lips, I saw them move,
And he so turn'd his piteous looks above;
But the fierce wind the willing heart opposed,
And, ere he spoke, the lips in misery closed:

Poor suffering object! yes, for ease you pray'd,
And God will hear—He only, I'm afraid."
"Peace! Susan, peace! pain ever follows sin."
"Ah! then," thought Susan, "when will ours
begin?
When reach'd his home, to what a cheerless fire
And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire!
Yet ragged, wretched as it is, that bed
Takes half the space of his contracted shed;
I saw the thorns beside the narrow grate,
With straw collected in a putrid state:
There will he, kneeling, strive the fire to raise,
And that will warm him rather than the blaze:
The sullen, smoky blaze, that cannot last
One moment after his attempt is past;
And I so warmly and so purely laid,
To sink to rest—indeed, I am afraid."
"Know you his conduct?"—"Yes, indeed, I know,
And how he wanders in the wind and snow;
Safe in our rooms the threat'ning storm we hear,
But he feels strongly what we faintly fear."
"Wilful was rich, and he the storm defied;
Wilful is poor, and must the storm abide,"
Said the stern lady; "'tis in vain to feel;
Go and prepare the chicken for our meal."
Susan her task reluctantly began,
And utter'd as she went—"The poor old man!"
But while her soft and ever-yielding heart
Made strong protest against her lady's part,
The lady's self began to think it wrong

To feel so wrathful, and resent so long.
"No more the wretch would she receive again,
No more behold him—but she would sustain;
Great his offence, and evil was his mind,
But he had suffer'd, and she would be kind:
She spurned such baseness, and she found within
A fair acquittal from so foul a sin;
Yet she too err'd, and must of Heaven expect
To be rejected, him should she reject."
Susan was summon'd—"I'm about to do
A foolish act, in part seduced by you;
Go to the creature—say that I intend,
Foe to his sins, to be his sorrow's friend:
Take, for his present comforts, food and wine,
And mark his feelings at this act of mine:
Observe if shame be o'er his features spread,
By his own victim to be soothed and fed;
But this inform him, that it is not love
That prompts my heart, that duties only move.
Say, that no merits in his favour plead,
But miseries only, and his abject need;
Nor bring me grov'lling thanks, nor high-flown praise;
I would his spirits, not his fancy raise:
Give him no hope that I shall ever more
A man so vile to my esteem restore;
But warn him, rather, that, in time of rest,
His crimes be all remember'd and confess'd:
I know not all that form the sinner's debt,
But there is one that he must not forget."

The mind of Susan prompted her with speed
To act her part in every courteous deed:
All that was kind she was prepared to say,
And keep the lecture for a future day;
When he had all life's comforts by his side,
Pity might sleep, and good advice be tried
This done, the mistress felt disposed to look,
As self-approving, on a pious book;
Yet, to her native bias still inclined,
She felt her act too merciful and kind;
But when, long musing on the chilling scene
So lately past—the frost and sleet so keen—
The man's whole misery in a single view—
Yes, she could think some pity was his due.
Thus fix'd, she heard not her attendant glide
With soft, slow step—till, standing by her side,
The trembling servant gasp'd for breath, and shed
Relieving tears, and utter'd, "He is dead!"
"Dead!" said the startled lady.—"Yes, he fell
Close at the door where he was wont to dwell;
There his sole friend, the ass, was standing by,
Half dead himself, to see his master die."
"Expired he then, good heaven! for want of food?"
"No! crusts and water in a corner stood:
To have this plenty, and to wait so long,
And to be right too late, is doubly wrong:
Then, every day to see him totter by,
And to forbear—Oh! what a heart had I!"
"Blame me not, child; I tremble at the news."

"'Tis my own heart," said Susan, "I accuse:
To have this money in my purse—to know
What grief was his, and what to grief we owe;
To see him often, always to conceive
How he must pine and languish, groan and grieve,
And every day in ease and peace to dine,
And rest in comfort—What a heart is mine!"

THE LEARNED BOY.

THERE soon a trial for his patience came;
Beneath were placed the youth and ancient dame,
Each on a purpose fix'd—but neither thought
How near a foe, with power and vengeance fraught
And now the matron told, as tidings sad,
What she had heard of her beloved lad;
How he to graceless, wicked men gave heed,
And wicked books would night and morning read:
Some former lectures she again began,
And begg'd attention of her little man;
She brought, with many a pious boast, in view
His former studies, and condemn'd the new:
Once he the names of saints and patriarchs old,
Judges and kings, and chiefs and prophets, told;
Then he in winter nights the Bible took,
To count how often in the sacred book
The sacred name appear'd, and could rehearse
Which were the middle chapter, word, and verse;
The very letter in the middle placed,
And so employ'd the hours that others waste.
"Such wert thou once; and now, my child, they say

Thy faith like water runneth fast away;
The prince of devils hath, I fear, beguiled
The ready wit of my backsliding child."
  On this, with lofty looks, our clerk began
His grave rebuke, as he assumed the man.—
  "There is no devil," said the hopeful youth,
"Nor prince of devils: that I know for truth.
Have I not told you how my books describe
The arts of priests, and all the canting tribe?
Your Bible mentions Egypt, where it seems
Was Joseph found when Pharaoh dream'd his dreams:
Now in that place, in some bewilder'd head,
(The learned write) religious dreams were bred;
Whence through the earth, with various forms combined,
They came to frighten and afflict mankind,
Prone (so I read) to let a priest invade
Their souls with awe, and by his craft be made
Slave to his will, and profit to his trade:
So say my books, and how the rogues agreed
To blind the victims, to defraud and lead;
When joys above to ready dupes were sold,
And hell was threaten'd to the shy and cold.
  "Why so amazed and so prepared to pray?
As if a Being heard a word we say:
This may surprise you; I myself began
To feel disturb'd, and to my Bible ran:
I now am wiser—yet agree in this,
The book has things that are not much amiss;

It is a fine old work, and I protest
I hate to hear it treated as a jest :
The book has wisdom in it, if you look
Wisely upon it as another book."
"Oh ! wicked ! wicked ! my unhappy child,
How hast thou been by evil men beguiled ! "
"How ! wicked say you ? You can little guess
The gain of that which you call wickedness :
Why, sins you think it sinful but to name
Have gain'd both wives and widows wealth and fame ;
And this because such people never dread
Those threaten'd pains ; hell comes not in their head :
Love is our nature, wealth we all desire,
And what we wish 'tis lawful to acquire ;
So say my book—and what beside they show
'Tis time to let this honest farmer know.
Nay, look not grave ; am I commanded down
To feed his cattle, and become his clown ?
Is such his purpose ? Then he shall be told
The vulgar insult—
Hold, in mercy hold !
Father, oh ! father ! throw the whip away ;
I was but jesting ; on my knees I pray—
There, hold his arm—oh ! leave us not alone :
In pity cease, and I will yet atone
For all my sin."——In vain ; stroke after stroke,
On side and shoulders, quick as mill-wheels broke ;
Quick as the patient's pulse, who trembling cried,

And still the parent with a stroke replied ;
Till all the medicine he prepared was dealt,
And every bone the precious influence felt ;
Till all the panting flesh was red and raw,
And every thought was turn'd to fear and awe ;
Till every doubt to due respect gave place.—
Such cures are done when doctors know the case.
"Oh ! I shall die—my father ! do receive
My dying words ; indeed I do believe.
The books are lying books, I know it well ;
There is a devil, oh ! there is a hell ;
And I'm a sinner ; spare me, I am young,
My sinful words were only on my tongue ;
My heart consented not ; 'tis all a lie :
Oh ! spare me then, I'm not prepared to die."
"Vain, worthless, stupid wretch !" the father cried ;
"Dost thou presume to teach—art thou a guide?
Driveller and dog, it gave the mind distress
To hear thy thoughts in their religious dress ;
Thy pious folly moved my strong disdain,
Yet I forgave thee for thy want of brain ;
But Job in patience must the man exceed
Who could endure thee in thy present creed.
Is it for thee, thou idiot, to pretend
The wicked cause a helping hand to lend?
Canst thou a judge in any question be?
Atheists themselves would scorn a friend like thee.
"Lo ! yonder blaze thy worthies ; in one heap
Thy scoundrel favourites must for ever sleep :

Each yields its poison to the flame in turn,
Where whores and infidels are doom'd to burn ;
Two noble faggots made the flame you see,
Reserving only two fair twigs for thee :
That in thy view the instruments may stand,
And be in future ready for my hand :
The just mementos that, though silent, show
Whence thy correction and improvements flow ;
Beholding these, thou wilt confess their power,
And feel the shame of this important hour.
" Hadst thou been humble, I had first design'd
By care from folly to have freed thy mind ;
And when a clean foundation had been laid,
Our priest, more able, would have lent his aid :
But thou art weak, and force must folly guide ;
And thou art vain, and pain must humble pride :
Teachers men honour, learners they allure ;
But learners teaching, of contempt are sure ;
Scorn is their certain meed, and smart their only
cure ! "

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

"DESCRIBE the Borough"—though our idle tribe
May love description, can we so describe,
That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
This cannot be; yet moved by your request
A part I paint—let Fancy form the rest.
  Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen:
Could he who sang so well the Grecian fleet,
So well have sung of alley, lane, or street;
Can measured lines these various buildings show,
The Town-Hall Turning or the Prospect Row?
Can I the seats of wealth and want explore,
And lengthen out my lays from door to door?
  Then let thy Fancy aid me—I repair
From this tall mansion of our last year's mayor,
Till we the outskirts of the Borough reach,
And these half-buried buildings next the beach,
Where hang at open doors the net and cork,
While squalid sea-dames mend the meshy work;
Till comes the hour when fishing through the tide,

The weary husband throws his freight aside ;
A living mass which now demands the wife,
Th' alternate labours of their humble life.
Can scenes like these withdraw thee from thy wood,
Thy upland forest, or thy valley's flood?
Seek then thy garden's shrubby bound, and look,
As it steals by, upon the bordering brook ;
That winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow ;
Where in the midst, upon her throne of green,
Sits the large lily* as the water's queen ;
And makes the current, forced awhile to stay,
Murmur and bubble as it shoots away ;
Draw then the strongest contrast to that stream,
And our broad river will before thee seem.
With ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,
Flowing, it fills the channel vast and wide ;
Then back to sea, with strong majestic sweep
It rolls, in ebb yet terrible and deep ;
Here samphire-banks† and saltwort‡ bound the flood,
There stakes and sea-weeds withering on the mud ;
And higher up, a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has roll'd upon the place.
Thy gentle river boasts its pigmy boat,
Urged on by pains, half grounded, half afloat :

* The white water-lily, *Nymphæa alba.*

† The jointed glasswort. *Salicornia* is here meant, not the true samphire, the *Crithmum maritimum.*

‡ The *Salsola* of botanists.

While at her stern an angler takes his stand,
And marks the fish he purposes to land
From that clear space, where, in the cheerful ray
Of the warm sun, the scaly people play.
Far other craft our prouder river shows,
Hoys, pinks, and sloops, brigs, brigantines, and snows :
Nor angler we on our wide stream descry,
But one poor dredger where his oysters lie :
He, cold and wet, and driving with the tide,
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
Then drains the remnant of diluted gin,
To aid the warmth that languishes within ;
Renewing oft his poor attempts to beat
His tingling fingers into gathering heat.
He shall again be seen when evening comes,
And social parties crowd their favourite rooms :
Where on the table pipes and papers lie,
The steaming bowl or foaming tankard by ;
'Tis then, with all these comforts spread around,
They hear the painful dredger's welcome sound ;
And few themselves the savoury boon deny,
The food that feeds, the living luxury.
Yon is our quay ! those smaller hoys from town,
Its various wares, for country use, bring down ;
Those laden waggons, in return, impart
The country produce to the city mart ;
Hark to the clamour in that miry road
Bounded and narrow'd by yon vessel's load !
The lumbering wealth she empties round the place,

Package, and parcel, hogshead, chest, and case:
While the loud seaman and the angry hind,
Mingling in business, bellow to the wind.
Near these a crew amphibious, in the docks,
Rear, for the sea, those castles on the stocks.
See, the long keel, which soon the waves must hide:
See, the strong ribs which form the roomy side!
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks* which curve and crackle in the smoke.
Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
Bear the warm pungence of o'er-boiling tar,
Dabbling on shore half-naked sea-boys crowd,
Swim round a ship, or swing upon the shroud;
Or in a boat purloin'd, with paddles play,
And grow familiar with the watery way:
Young though they be, they feel whose sons they are,
They know what British seamen do and dare;
Proud of that fame, they raise and they enjoy
The rustic wonder of the village-boy.
Before you bid these busy scenes adieu,
Behold the wealth that lies in public view,
Those far-extended heaps of coal and coke,
Where freshfill'd lime-kilns breathe their stifling smoke,
This shall pass off, and you behold, instead,
The night-fire gleaming on its chalky bed;

* The curvature of planks for the sides of a ship, etc., is, I am informed, now generally made by the power of steam. Fire is nevertheless still used for boats and vessels of the smaller kind.

When from the lighthouse brighter beams will rise,
To show the shipman where the shallow lies.
Thy walks are ever pleasant; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively, or serene—
Rich—is that varied view with woods around,
Seen from the seat within the shrubb'ry bound,
Where shines the distant lake, and where appear,
From ruins bolting, unmolested deer;
Lively—the village-green, the inn, the place
Where the good widow schools her infant-race.
Shops, whence are heard the hammer and the saw,
And village pleasures unreproved by law:
Then how serene, when in your favourite room,
Gales from your jasmines soothe the evening gloom;
When from your upland paddock you look down,
And just perceive the smoke which hides the town;
When weary peasants at the close of day
Walk to their cots, and part upon the way;
When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,
And shepherds pen their folds, and rest upon their crook.
We prune our hedges, prime our slender trees,
And nothing looks untutor'd and at ease.
On the wide heath or in the flowery vale,
We scent the vapours of the sea-born gale;
Broad-beaten paths lead on from stile to stile,
And sewers from streets the road-side banks defile;
Our guarded fields a sense of danger show,
Where garden-crops with corn and clover grow;
Fences are form'd of wreck, and placed around,

(With tenters tipp'd) a strong repulsive bound ;
Wide and deep ditches by the gardens run,
And there in ambush lie the trap and gun ;
Or yon broad board, which guards each tempting
prize,
" Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."
There stands a cottage with an open door,
Its garden undefended blooms before :
Her wheel is still, and overturn'd her stool,
While the lone widow seeks the neighb'ring pool ;
This gives us hope, all views of town to shun—
No ! here are tokens of the sailor-son ;
That old blue-jacket, and that shirt of check,
And silken kerchief for the seaman's neck ;
Sea-spoils and shells from many a distant shore,
And furry robe from frozen Labrador.
Our busy streets and sylvan walks between,
Fen, marshes, bog, and heath all intervene ;
Here pits of crag, with spongy, plashy base ;
To some enrich th' uncultivated space :
For there are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
The gale's rich balm, and sun-dew's crimson blush,
Whose velvet leaf with radiant beauty dress'd,
Forms a gay pillow for the plover's breast.
Not distant far, a house commodious made
(Lonely yet public stands) for Sunday trade ;
Thither, for this day free, gay parties go,
Their tea-house walk, their tippling rendezvous ;
There humble couples sit in corner bowers,
Or gaily ramble for th' allotted hours ;

Sailors and lasses from the town attend,
The servant lover, the apprentice friend ;
With all the idle social tribes who seek
And find their humble pleasures once a week.
Turn to the watery world !—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green ;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie ;
Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye.*
Be it the summer noon : a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends) ;
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion ; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.

* Of the effect of these mists, known by the name of fog-banks, wonderful and indeed incredible relations are given ; but their property of appearing to elevate ships at sea, and to bring them in view, is, I believe, generally acknowledged.

Ships in the calm sea anchor'd ; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide :
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?
  Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.
  View now the winter-storm ! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud :
Th' unwieldly porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
  All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells :
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then re-flowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off, the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again;
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion on the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind;
But frights not him whom evening and the spray
In part conceal—yon prowler on his way:
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!
A seaman's body: there'll be more to-night!"
Hark to those sounds! they're from distress at sea:
How quick they come! What terrors may there be?

Yes, 'tis a driven vessel : I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern.
Others behold them too, and from the town
In various parties seamen hurry down ;
Their wives pursue, and damsels urged by dread,
Lest men so dear be into danger led ;
Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
In this sad night is piercing like the squall ;
They feel their kinds of power, and when they meet,
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or entreat.
  See one poor girl, all terror and alarm,
Has fondly seized upon her lover's arm ;
" Thou shalt not venture ;" and he answers " No !
I will not :"—still she cries, " Thou shalt not go."
  No need of this ; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers, o'er such billows float,
Yet may they view these lights upon the beach,
Which yield them hope whom help can never reach.
  From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows ;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour ! gloom in glory dress'd !
This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.
  But hear we now those sounds? Do lights appear?
I see them not ! the storm alone I hear :
And lo ! the sailors homeward take their way ;
Man must endure—let us submit and pray.
  Such are our Winter-views : but night comes on—
Now business sleeps, and daily cares are gone ;

Now parties form, and some their friends assist
To waste the idle hours at sober whist;
The tavern's pleasure or the concert's charm
Unnumber'd moments of their sting disarm:
Play-bills and open doors a crowd invite,
To pass off one dread portion of the night;
And show, and song, and luxury combined,
Lift off from man this burthen of mankind.
Others advent'rous walk abroad and meet
Returning parties pacing through the street,
When various voices, in the dying day,
Hum in our walks, and greet us in our way;
When tavern-lights flit on from room to room,
And guide the tippling sailor staggering home:
There as we pass, the jingling bells betray
How business rises with the closing day:
Now walking silent, by the river's side,
The ear perceives the rippling of the tide;
Or measured cadence of the lads who tow
Some enter'd hoy, to fix her in her row;
Or hollow sound, which from the parish bell
To some departed spirit bids farewell!
Thus shall you something of our BOROUGH know,
Far as a verse, with Fancy's aid, can show.
Of Sea or River, of a Quay or Street,
The best description must be incomplete;
But when a happier theme succeeds, and when
Men are our subjects and the deeds of men,
Then may we find the Muse in happier style,
And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes smile.

PETER GRIMES.

OLD *Peter Grimes* made fishing his employ,
His wife he cabin'd with him and his boy,
And seem'd that life laborious to enjoy:
To town came quiet Peter with his fish,
And had of all a civil word and wish.
He left his trade upon the Sabbath-day,
And took young Peter in his hand to pray:
But soon the stubborn boy from care broke loose,
At first refused, then added his abuse:
His father's love he scorn'd, his power defied,
But being drunk, wept sorely when he died.
  Yes! then he wept, and to his mind there came
Much of his conduct, and he felt the shame,—
How he had oft the good old man reviled,
And never paid the duty of a child;
How, when the father in his Bible read,
He in contempt and anger left the shed:
"It is the word of life," the parent cried;
—"This is the life itself," the boy replied,
And while old Peter in amazement stood,
Gave the hot spirit to his boiling blood:—

How he, with oath and furious speech, began
To prove his freedom and assert the man;
And when the parent check'd his impious rage,
How he had cursed the tyranny of age,—
Nay, once had dealt the sacrilegious blow
On his bare head, and laid his parent low;
The father groan'd—"If thou art old," said he,
"And hast a son, thou wilt remember me:
Thy mother left me in a happy time,
Thou kill'dst not her; Heav'n spares the double crime."

On an inn settle, in his maudlin grief,
This he revolved, and drank for his relief.

Now lived the youth in freedom, but debarr'd
From constant pleasure, and he thought it hard;
Hard that he could not every wish obey,
But must awhile relinquish ale and play;
Hard! that he could not to his cards attend,
But must acquire the money he would spend.

With greedy eye he look'd on all he saw,
He knew not justice, and he laugh'd at law;
On all he mark'd, he stretch'd his ready hand;
He fish'd by water and he filch'd by land.
Oft in the night has Peter dropp'd his oar,
Fled from his boat, and sought for prey on shore;
Oft up the hedge-row glided, on his back
Bearing the orchard's produce in a sack,
Or farm-yard load, tugg'd fiercely from the stack;
And as these wrongs to greater numbers rose,
The more he look'd on all men as his foes.

He built a mud-wall'd hovel, where he kept
His various wealth, and there he ofttimes slept ;
But no success could please his cruel soul,
He wish'd for one to trouble and control ;
He wanted some obedient boy to stand
And bear the blow of his outrageous hand ;
And hoped to find in some propitious hour
A feeling creature subject to his power.

Peter had heard there were in London, then,—
Still have they being !—workhouse-clearing men,
Who, undisturb'd by feelings just or kind,
Would parish boys to needy tradesmen bind ;
They in their want a trifling sum would take,
And toiling slaves of piteous orphans make.

Such Peter sought, and when a lad was found,
The sum was dealt him, and the slave was bound.
Some few in town observed in Peter's trap
A boy, with jacket blue and woollen cap :
But none inquired how Peter used the rope,
Or what the bruise that made the stripling stoop ;
None could the ridges on his back behold,
None sought him shiv'ring in the winter's cold ;
None put the question, "Peter, dost thou give
The boy his food ?—What, man ! the lad must live.
Consider, Peter, let the child have bread,
He'll serve thee better if he's stroked and fed."
None reason'd thus, and some, on hearing cries,
Said calmly, "Grimes is at his exercise."

Pinn'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and abused,

His efforts punish'd and his food refused ;
Awake, tormented, soon aroused from sleep,
Struck if he wept, and yet compell'd to weep,
The trembling boy dropp'd down and strove to pray,
Received a blow, and trembling turn'd away,
Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face ; while he,
The savage master, grinn'd in horrid glee :
He'd now the power he ever loved to show,
A feeling being subject to his blow.

Thus lived the lad, in hunger, peril, pain,
His tears despised, his supplication vain :
Compell'd by fear to lie, by need to steal,
His bed uneasy, and unbless'd his meal,
For three sad years the boy his tortures bore,
And then his pains and trials were no more.
"How died he, Peter?" when the people said,
He growl'd, "I found him lifeless in his bed."
Then tried for softer tone, and sigh'd, "Poor Sam
is dead."
Yet murmurs were there, and some questions ask'd—
How he was fed, how punish'd, and how task'd?
Much they suspected, but they little proved,
And Peter pass'd untroubled and unmoved.

Another boy with equal ease was found,
The money granted, and the victim bound :
And what his fate? One night it chanced he fell
From the boat's mast and perish'd in her well,
Where fish were living kept, and where the boy
(So reason'd men) could not himself destroy :—
"Yes, so it was," said Peter, "in his play

(For he was idle both by night and day),
He climb'd the mainmast and then fell below;"
Then show'd his corpse and pointed to the blow.
"What said the jury?"—they were long in doubt,
But sturdy Peter faced the matter out:
So they dismiss'd him, saying at the time,
"Keep fast your hatchway, when you've boys who climb."
This hit the conscience, and he colour'd more
Than for the closest questions put before.
Thus all his fears the verdict set aside,
And at the slave-shop Peter still applied.
Then came a boy, of manners soft and mild,—
Our seamen's wives with grief beheld the child;
All thought (the poor themselves) that he was one
Of gentle blood, some noble sinner's son,
Who had, belike, deceived some humble maid,
Whom he had first seduced, and then betray'd:
However this, he seem'd a gracious lad,
In grief submissive, and with patience sad.
Passive he labour'd, till his slender frame
Bent with his loads, and he at length was lame:
Strange that a frame so weak could bear so long
The grossest insult and the foulest wrong;
But there were causes—in the town they gave
Fire, food, and comfort to the gentle slave;
And though stern Peter, with a cruel hand,
And knotted rope enforced the rude command,
Yet he consider'd what he'd lately felt,
And his vile blows with selfish pity dealt.

One day such draughts the cruel fisher made,
He could not vend them in his borough trade,
But sail'd for London mart : the boy was ill,
But ever humbled to his master's will ;
And on the river, where they smoothly sail'd,
He strove with terror, and awhile prevail'd ;
But new to danger on the angry sea,
He clung affrighten'd to his master's knee :
The boat grew leaky and the wind was strong,
Rough was the passage and the time was long;
His liquor fail'd, and Peter's wrath arose,—
No more is known—the rest we must suppose,
Or learn of Peter : Peter says he "spied
The stripling's danger, and for harbour tried :
Meantime the fish, and then th' apprentice died."
The pitying women raised a clamour round,
And weeping said, "Thou hast thy 'prentice drown'd."
Now the stern man was summon'd to the Hall,
To tell his tale before the burghers all :
He gave th' account ; profess'd the lad he loved,
And kept his brazen features all unmoved.
The mayor himself with tone severe replied,
"Henceforth with thee shall never boy abide ;
Hire thee a freeman, whom thou durst not beat,
But who, in thy despite, will sleep and eat :
Free thou art now !—again shouldst thou appear,
Thou'lt find thy sentence, like thy soul, severe."
Alas ! for Peter not a helping hand,
So was he hated, could he now command ;

Alone he row'd his boat, alone he cast
His nets beside, or made his anchor fast:
To hold a rope, or hear a curse was none;
He toil'd and rail'd: he groan'd and swore alone.
Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
At the same times the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half cover'd and half dry;
The sunburnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.
When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race,
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;

What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern from the bulrush home,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing boom :
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And loved to stop beside the opening sluice ;
Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound ;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

Besides these objects, there were places three,
Which Peter seem'd with certain dread to see ;
When he drew near them, he would turn from each,
And loudly whistle till he pass'd the reach.*

A change of scene to him brought no relief,
In town, 'twas plain, men took him for a thief ;
The sailors' wives would stop him in the street,
And say, "Now, Peter, thou'st no boy to beat ;"
Infants at play, when they perceived him, ran,
Warning each other,—"That's the wicked man !"
He growl'd an oath, and in an angry tone
Cursed the whole place, and wish'd to be alone.

Alone he was, the same dull scenes in view,
And still more gloomy in his sight they grew ;
Though man he hated, yet employ'd alone
At bootless labour, he would swear and groan,
Cursing the shoals that glided by the spot,

* The reaches in a river are those parts which extend from point to point. Johnson has not the word precisely in this sense ; but it is very common, and I believe used wheresoever a navigable river can be found in this country.

And gulls that caught them when his arts could not.
Cold nervous tremblings shook his sturdy frame,
And strange disease—he couldn't say the name ;
Wild were his dreams, and oft he rose in fright,
Waked by his view of horrors in the night—
Horrors that would the sternest minds amaze,
Horrors that demons might be proud to raise :
And though he felt forsaken, grieved at heart,
To think he lived from all mankind apart ;
Yet, if a man approach'd, in terror he would start.
A winter pass'd since Peter saw the town,
And summer lodgers were again come down ;
These, idly curious, with their glasses spied
The ships in bay as anchor'd for the tide,—
The river's craft, the bustle of the quay,
And seaport views, which landmen love to see.
One, up the river, had a man and boat
Seen day by day, now anchor'd, now afloat ;
Fisher he seem'd, yet used no net nor hook ;
Of sea-fowl swimming by no heed he took,
But on the gliding waves still fix'd his lazy look :
At certain stations he would view the stream,
As if he stood bewilder'd in a dream,
Or that some power had chain'd him for a time,
To feel a curse or meditate on crime.
This known, some curious, some in pity went,
And others question'd—"Wretch, dost thou repent?"
He heard, he trembled, and in fear resign'd
His boat : new terror fill'd his restless mind ;
Furious he grew, and up the country ran,

And there they seized him—a distemper'd man :—
Him we received, and to a parish bed,
Follow'd and cursed, the groaning man was led.
  Here, when they saw him, whom they used to shun,
A lost, lone man, so harass'd and undone ;
Our gentle females, ever prompt to feel,
Perceived compassion on their anger steal ;
His crimes they could not from their memories blot,
But they were grieved, and trembled at his lot.
  A priest too came, to whom his words are told ;
And all the signs they shudder'd to behold.
  "Look ! look !" they cried ; "his limbs with horror shake,
And as he grinds his teeth, what noise they make !
How glare his angry eyes, and yet he's not awake :
See ! what cold drops upon his forehead stand,
And how he clenches that broad bony hand."
  The priest attending, found he spoke at times
As one alluding to his fears and crimes ;
"It was the fall," he mutter'd, "I can show
The manner how,—I never struck a blow : "
And then aloud,—"Unhand me, free my chain ;
On oath he fell—it struck him to the brain :—
Why ask my father ?—that old man will swear
Against my life ; besides, he wasn't there :
What, all agreed ?—Am I to die to-day ?—
My Lord, in mercy give me time to pray."
  Then as they watch'd him, calmer he became,
And grew so weak he couldn't move his frame,

But murmuring spake—while they could see and
hear
The start of terror and the groan of fear ;
See the large dew-beads on his forehead rise,
And the cold death-drop glaze his sunken eyes :
Nor yet he died, but with unwonted force
Seem'd with some fancied being to discourse :
He knew not us, or with accustom'd art
He hid the knowledge, yet exposed his heart ;
'Twas part confession and the rest defence,
A madman's tale, with gleams of waking sense.
"I'll tell you all," he said, "the very day
When the old man first placed them in my way :
My father's spirit—he who always tried
To give me trouble, when he lived and died—
When he was gone, he could not be content
To see my days in painful labour spent,
But would appoint his meetings, and he made
Me watch at these, and so neglect my trade.
"'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
No living being had I lately seen ;
I paddled up and down and dipp'd my net,
But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get,—
A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
To plague and torture thus an only son !
And so I sat and look'd upon the stream,
How it ran on, and felt as in a dream :
But dream it was not : No !—I fix'd my eyes
On the mid stream, and saw the spirits rise :
I saw my father on the water stand,

And hold a thin pale boy in either hand;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop:
I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
And smiled upon the oar, and down they went.
"Now, from that day, whenever I began
To dip my net, there stood the hard old man—
He and those boys: I humbled me and pray'd
They would be gone; they heeded not, but stay'd:
Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,
But, gazing on the spirits, there was I:
They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die:
And every day, as sure as day arose,
Would these three spirits meet me ere the close;
To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
And 'Come,' they said, with weak, sad voices, 'come.'
To row away, with all my strength I tried,
But there were they hard by me in the tide,
The three unbodied forms—and 'Come,' still 'come,'
they cried.
"Fathers should pity—but this old man shook
His hoary locks, and froze me by a look:
Thrice when I struck them, through the water came
A hollow groan, that weaken'd all my frame:
'Father,' said I, 'have mercy:'—he replied,
I know not what,—the angry spirit lied,—
'Didst thou not draw thy knife?' said he:—'Twas
true,
But I had pity, and my arm withdrew:
He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,

But he has no compassion in his grave.
"There were three places, where they ever rose,—
The whole long river has not such as those—
Places accursed, where, if a man remain,
He'll see the things which strike him to the brain;
And there they made me on my paddle lean,
And look at them for hours;—accursèd scene!
When they would glide to that smooth eddy-space,
Then bid me leap and join them in the place;
And at my groans each little villain sprite
Enjoy'd my pains and vanish'd in delight.
"In one fierce summer day, when my poor brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood
With his two boys again upon the flood:
There was more mischief in their eyes, more glee
In their pale faces, when they glared at me:
Still did they force me on the oar to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
He with his hand, the old man, scoop'd the flood,
And there came flame about him mix'd with blood:
He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
Then flung the hot red liquor in my face:
Burning it blazed, and then I roar'd for pain,
I thought the demons would have turn'd my brain.
"Still there they stood, and forced me to behold
A place of horrors—they can not be told—
Where the flood open'd, there I heard the shriek
Of tortured guilt—no earthly tongue can speak:
'All days alike! for ever!' did they say,

'And unremitted torments every day'—
Yes, so they said"—But here he ceased and gazed
On all around, affrighten'd and amazed:
And still he tried to speak, and look'd in dread
Of frighten'd females gathering round his bed;
Then dropp'd exhausted, and appear'd at rest,
Till the strong foe the vital powers possess'd;
Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
"Again they come!" and mutter'd as he died.

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